

No. 55

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# ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

## JACK LIGHTFOOT'S PERIL OR TREACHERY ON THE ICE



BY MAURICE STEVENS

With a scream of rage, the maddened player seized Jack Lightfoot, and plunged with him into the ice hole, apparently willing to go to death if he could take Jack with him.



**Publishers' Note.** "Teach the American boy how to become an athlete, and lay the foundation for a Constitution greater than that of the United States."—Wise sayings from "Tip Top." There has never been a time when the boys of this great country took so keen an interest in all manly and health-giving sports as they do to-day. As proof of this witness the record-breaking throngs that attend college struggles on the gridiron, as well as athletic and baseball games, and other tests of endurance and skill. In a multitude of other channels this love for the "life strenuous" is making itself manifest, so that, as a nation, we are rapidly forging to the front as seekers of honest sport. Recognizing this "handwriting on the wall," we have concluded that the time has arrived to give this vast army of young enthusiasts a publication devoted exclusively to invigorating out-door life. We feel we are justified in anticipating a warm response from our sturdy American boys, who are sure to revel in the stirring phases of sport and adventure, through which our characters pass from week to week.

# ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY

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## Jack Lightfoot's Peril

OR,

## TREACHERY ON THE ICE.

By MAURICE STEVENS.

### CHARACTERS IN THIS STORY.

**Jack Lightfoot**, who after proving himself to be the best all-round athlete in Cranford or vicinity, and a natural leader, had come to Seagirt to enter the academy there with the intention of fitting himself for college. Jack was a lad clear of eye, clean of speech, and, after he had conquered a few of his faults, possessed a faculty for *doing things* while others were talking, that by degrees caused him to be looked upon as the natural leader in all the sports Young America delights in—a boy who, in learning to conquer himself put the power into his hands to wrest victory from others.

**Tom Lightfoot**, Jack's cousin, a steady, reliable friend in time of need.

**Lafe Lampton**, a big, hulking chap, with an ever present craving for something to eat. Lafe always had his appetite along, and proved himself Jack's loyal friend through thick and thin. He could also do a few other things besides eat, as the reader may soon discover.

**Professor Phineas Chubb**, principal of Seagirt Academy, a fat, pompous man.

**Professor Titus Lazenby**, his chief assistant, called Professor "Dry-as-Dust."

**Lee Willis**, a new student from the "sunny South," fitted with a fine sense of his honor, and ready for "duels" and such things.

**Sidney Percival**, **Kid Kennedy**, **Julian Glaze**, a trio of students who thought to take Jack down a peg or two.

**Kitty Percival**, a pretty girl whose acquaintance Jack made under peculiar circumstances, and who seemed to take a deep interest in him.

**Joe Jucklin**, **Magoun Tempest**, two of the new boys.

**Reel Snodgrass**, an old time enemy from Cranford.

**Jim Bolt**, a Canadian scholar.

**Joe Sockbasin**, a Penobscot Indian student.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE DEFEATED HOCKEY TEAM.

"You're a fine set of muts!"

There was cutting scorn in the growling voice of Kid Kennedy as he spoke to the members of the hockey team gathered about him in his room that evening.

"We did the best we could," said Julian Glaze, in self-defense.

But there was no defiance in his words, only humbleness.

"The best you could!" grunted Kennedy. "Is that the best you could do? If it is, better crawl off some'eres and die! Why don't you go to sea?"

"Go to sea?"

"Git off the earth, I mean. You fellers ain't fit to be on the earth. Here you air—the crack hockey team of the academy, the team that's walloped Morningside three times this winter, and you let a scrub team, picked up without notice by Jack Lightfoot, beat you off your skates! What do you think of yourselves, anyway?"

His words cut like the lash of a whip.

He sat in his chair by the window while they were grouped before him, some in chairs, some sitting on his cot, and others in the ledge of the window.



"What do you think of yourselves, anyhow?" he demanded.

His hair stood up in front in that fierce, stiff pompadour, and his dark eyes snapped with a fire that seemed borrowed from the burning flush on his face. Round his head was wound strips of bandages. His shoulders were hunched and one long arm was extended toward his followers.

"What do you think of yourselves? I've drilled you and put you in shape; and as soon as I'm on my back and not able to play you let a scrub team wipe up the ice with you! Why, you fellers make me sick!"

"I tell you we fought a stiff game," said Sid Percival, who writhed with the others under the lash of Kid's stinging tongue. "We couldn't have done better if you'd been with us."

Kid sneered.

"Oh, you couldn't!"

"We made a big fight; but luck and the referee were against us."

"Oh, they were, eh? What's luck and the referee got to do with it? If you beat 'em, the referee's got to give you the game, ain't he?"

"But we were cheated, just the same," said Miles Long, who towered head and shoulders above any one there. "The thing was a tie until that last goal, which they didn't win by rights, for Jack Lightfoot was off-side when he drove the ball. The referee gave it to him, and we were beat."

"Yet you let that crowd of scrubs hold you down to a tie till the very last minute of the game; and then you say they win by a scratch! They held you to a tie down to the very last minute! You say that yourselves."

He glared at them.

Before him were Julian Glaze, Sid Percival, Miles Long, Joe Sockbasin, Pepper Brown, Jim Bolt, Alfalfa Leslie, John Lilio, and others, members of the hockey team and substitutes.

"Do you think we let ourselves be beat purposely?" asked Pepper Brown, sudden fire in his voice.

"It looks it!"

"Nothing of the kind," said Pepper.

"Do you mean to tell me"—Kid Kennedy shook his long, bony forefinger at the crowd before him—"that you made the best fight you could and went down before a team of cheap scrubs? Then, what was the matter with you? Were you all drunk?"

"We did make the best we could," said Jim Bolt, the Canadian, sullenly.

Bolt had captained the team when it met defeat at the hands of the scrub team led by Jack Lightfoot.\*

"I don't think so!" Kennedy snapped. "It wouldn't have happened if I'd been there, you bet!"

"I don't believe you could have done any better," Bolt insisted, in self-defense.

"Oh, I couldn't?"

There was another black sneer.

"Bolt, you can play hockey, as any Canadian can, but you ain't worth—" he hesitated and ripped out an epithet, and snapped his finger; "you ain't worth that, as a leader of a team."

"I did the best I could," said Bolt, his face flushing like fire.

"That's what you're all saying—that you did the best

you could; but if you wasn't sure of yourselves what did you go into the thing for? Why didn't you wait till I got able to lead you?"

"We thought we could do 'em up dead easy," said Pepper Brown.

"Oh, you did?"

"We were sure of it," added Miles Long.

"Well, you'd ought to have taken a second and better think before trying it."

"They made us mad—Lightfoot did, by bragging of what he and his friends could do at hockey; and we thought we'd take 'em down a peg."

"And got took down yourselves! Well, I suppose you're feeling good over it!"

"I ain't," Alfalfa Leslie admitted. "And I'm feelin' sore, too—in my body, I mean; just like I'd been run through a thrashing-machine."

"Well, I'm ashamed of you! I'm ashamed of all of you!"

"I reckon we're purty much ashamed of ourselves," Alfalfa admitted.

"And now what are you going to do?"

"That's what we came to you for—I mean that's what we meant to ask you," said Bolt. "Everybody's laughing at us. The whole town's got the ha! ha! on us. I met some Morningside fellows to-day, and the first thing they said was to ask me what I thought of Lightfoot's scrubs."

"And that thing about it in the paper," said Pepper Brown. "I tell you that made me hot under the collar."

"Has Lightfoot been sayin' anything himself?" Kid demanded fiercely.

"No," said Bolt; "I haven't heard that he's said anything."

"I didn't know but he'd be blowing his horn bigger and louder than anybody. That fellow's too fresh."

"We'll have to salt him some," said Alfalfa, with a grin, "same's we do green alfalfa hay sometimes, out in Kansas, to make it keep."

"We'd like to play that game over," said Bolt.

"Would it be the same game?" sneered Kid, looking at him.

"We'd like to play 'em again, I mean."

"What's the use, if you're such muts on the ice?"

"But we weren't treated fair by the officials," Sid Percival asserted again. "All our fellows will tell you that. That last goal wasn't Lightfoot's by rights."

"Aw, saw off!"

"Well, it wasn't! I'll leave it to anybody. Fellows, it wasn't, was it?"

"I don't think it was," said Bolt, who was still smarting under the accusation of inability as a captain which Kid had hurled at him.

Kid stood up, tall and broad-shouldered, yet with a certain shambling manner, and looked at the excited fellows before him.

"If I'd been there it would have been different, you bet!" he growled. "But I don't know if you've got the sand for another try at them. You're like a lot of tin-canned purps, with the life scared out of you. You make me think of a lot of hoboes."

They said not a word under this revilement.

"Look at yourselves!" he shouted. "The academy hockey team downed by scrubs! Maybe you ain't ashamed of yourselves! Well, I'm ashamed of you."

"But we can try it again," urged Sid.

\*See last week's issue for this game.



"I'd be willing to try it again if you had as much spirit as grasshoppers, but you ain't got it; you're scared blue! What are you scared at?" He swung out his long arm with an imperious gesture. "Are you afraid of them scrubs? Get some sand in your craws!"

Seldom had the manner and spirit with which Kid Kennedy dominated these fellows been more clearly exhibited. He ruled them by sheer courage and bullying, by a truculence which made them fear him, and yet with an ability that made them willing to follow him. Most of them did not like him, yet they admired him, and they obeyed him. He was harsh, overbearing, fierce, and violent, yet he ruled them.

"Oh, I'm ashamed of you!" he exclaimed again.

"But we'll try 'em once more!" Sid panted. "Just say the word, and lead us, and we'll try 'em again."

"Git some sand in your craws, and maybe I will; but I don't lead a set of yahoos that are ready to run at the sight of a puck on the ice, as you'll be, the way you are now. Get some sand in your craws!"

"But you'll let us try 'em again?" said Bolt anxiously. "We've got to try them again, you know."

"You said I couldn't lead the team any better'n you did!" snarled Kid. "What's the use? If you fellows done your best and got beat, what's the use?"

"We'll try 'em again, anyhow!" cried Bolt, with fierce emphasis.

"Sure thing! That's what we want!" agreed Miles Long eagerly.

"Yet you—you"—Kid shook that bony forefinger at Long—"you were goal-keeper and let that puck go by you time after time. Is that the kind of goal-keeper I want?"

"I'll stop it next time," said Long humbly.

"You'll stop it next time!"

"I'll try to. I'll do better next time."

"And the rest of you yahoos!" said Kid. "Do you think you can make better plays next time?"

"You bet we can!" cried Pepper Brown.

"Oh, you can!"

"We'll down 'em next time, or die tryin'!" said Leslie.

"Oh, you will?"

"You bet we will! We've got to do it next time."

Kid shook his long finger at them again.

"Better git out of the academy if you don't. If you go against 'em again and git beat, you'd better leave the town! I don't know if I can trust you fellows. Are you still scared to death?"

"You bet we ain't!" said Pepper fiercely.

"That's better!"

"You'll let us play 'em again?" begged Sid Percival.

Kid dropped back into his chair and put his big hand up to his bound head. It was sore and painful, and there was a cut on the top of it, made by a club which had been swung by the hands of Ben Birkett.

"Go do some practise work," he ordered. "Get into gear again. See if you've forgot all that you knew about hockey. If you haven't, maybe I'll lead you."

Sid swung his cap, and, but for the time and place, would have uttered a yell.

"You'll lead us against 'em?"

"Get into gear, and then I'll talk to you about it."

"Fellows, we're going to fight 'em again!" said Sid jubilantly.

He knew the moods of Kid Kennedy, and saw that another fight with the scrubs on the ice was coming.

And he had faith in Kid.

With Kid to lead in his wild, rough, indomitable way, Sid believed that victory for the academy team was certain.

## CHAPTER II.

### IN JACK'S ROOM.

Having taken a room in the main dormitory, Jack Lightfoot had fitted it up comfortably and had put in a few things in the way of gymnastic appliances. Near the wall at one end was a punching-bag, and close by it some pulley weights. In addition to these there were dumbbells and Indian clubs. Jack kept up his athletic work wherever he was, and exercised and practised a good deal in his room, as well as in the academy gymnasium.

Lee Willis, the hot-hearted and hot-headed Southerner, who had been so badly beaten up and insulted by Kid Kennedy, came into Jack's room while Jack was thumping away at the punching-bag.

Jack continued his "rat-tat-too—rat-a-tat-tat-too," even after Willis had entered and closed the door quietly behind him.

He gave the bag a last resounding thump, then turned to Willis.

"I was just thinking of you," he said cordially. "Take a seat."

Willis walked over to the punching-bag, instead.

"If I had your hitting strength!" he said wishfully, and he gave the bag a blow with his fist that set it to bumping and vibrating.

Jack laughed.

"You were thinking of somebody's head when you smashed it that time, I guess!"

"I was, and it was Kid Kennedy's."

"I thought so."

"Could you give me another lesson this evening?" Willis asked.

"Why, yes, if you want it."

Jack took two pairs of boxing-gloves from the wall, tossed one to Willis, and put on the other himself.

"You've had no further trouble with Kid?" he asked.

"No, but I'm expecting to any time. He's able to be out now, and he's taken the bandages off his head. He was down on the ice this afternoon putting his hockey team through a lively course of training."

Jack laughed again.

"They need it!"

"So he seemed to think, to judge from the way he was driving them."

"He's a pretty good trainer," said Jack. "At least, I think he is. That team puts up a pretty game, and they're fast. Jim Bolt is a great hockey player."

"I didn't go very near them, for I didn't want to get into trouble; but as I skated by I heard Kennedy driving them and talking to them in a way I shouldn't want him to talk to me."

Jack faced Lee and put up his hands; and Lee Willis struck at him quickly and fiercely, without warning.

Jack laughed as he knocked the blow aside.

"It's what you told me to do, you know!" said Willis, as an apology for that blow. "The last time we had our practise bout, you know, you told me to drive at you without warning."



"That's right; drive away whenever you're ready," Jack invited.

Willis drove again; but Jack evaded the blow by a light leap and planted a stinging one in return on Willis' cheek. It showed red where the glove struck.

Then they were at it, hammer and tongs, Jack stopping now and then to coach Willis and show him how to deliver a certain blow with greater accuracy and effect.

They were thus engaged when there was a tap on the door.

On opening it Jack was surprised to behold Kid Kennedy.

Kid was scowling, and his scowl became blacker when he saw Lee Willis and noticed the gloves.

Jack closed the door and set out a chair for Kid. Yet Jack's voice was a bit cold as he asked Kid to what he was indebted for the honor of this call.

Kid was looking hard at the Southerner.

"Getting ready to come for my bacon, eh?" he growled to Willis.

"I'll meet you one of these days," said Willis, with a hot flush. "I've told you I would, and I will."

Kid turned to Jack with a harsh and disagreeable laugh.

"You're training him, eh?" he asked, nodding at Willis.

"I'm helping him a little," said Jack.

"So that he can go up against me?"

"I hope to put him in shape so that you can't bully him," Jack answered.

Instead of taking the chair which Jack had set out, Kid put his back against the door and glanced over the room.

"That's all right," he said grimly.

"I think it is!" Jack answered.

"He'll need all the training you can give him, if he ever stands up before me in a mill, I can tell him that. I'll pound his head off; and if he thinks he's ready I'll do it for him now."

Kid was a scowling, dark-skinned, dark-eyed fellow, with muddy complexion, and jet-black hair no barber could subdue, but which stood up stiff and aggressive. His fiery and dominating spirit seemed to pervade the room. He was tall and not ill formed; and his broad, strong shoulders, and long, powerful arms, boded ill for Lee Willis if the latter ever met him again in a fight.

Lee Willis contrasted strongly with him. Willis was somewhat dark, too; but his features were finer and more aristocratic. He seemed of finer mold. Now his face was flushed, and there was a hot, angry light in his eyes.

"I don't believe in fighting of this kind," he said, and while his voice was low it was bitter and scornful. "It's a bruiser's way to settle difficulties, and a bruiser is never considered a gentleman."

"Stow the gentleman part of it!" Kid growled roughly.

"You don't know what it is to be a gentleman!" Willis retorted.

"Oh, don't I? Well, you'll never be able to learn me."

"Nobody could teach *you* that."

Willis had advanced from the center of the room toward him. He had his coat off and still wore the boxing-gloves.

"Your ideas of a gentleman and mine are somewhat different, I'll admit," said Kid, in a tone that was extremely irritating. "Your notion of a gentleman is a fellow who is too lazy to work, and must have a lot of niggers to do everything for him—a fellow who drinks

champagne instead of straight American whisky, and, when it comes to fighting, wants to shoot a fellow full of holes and punch him with a pigsticker of a sword, instead of tackling him with his fists. No, I'm not a gentleman—not your kind."

"You couldn't be any kind of a gentleman if you wanted to!" Lee shouted wrathfully.

"I don't want to, then—not your kind of a gentleman. You Southerners make me sick! You're always blowing about your courage and your honor and all that; and if a fellow don't agree with your notions of what he ought to be he's not a gentleman. A fellow that's really a gentleman don't brag about it, and a fellow of honor don't brag about that, either."

For an instant it seemed that Lee Willis would leap at him; it could be seen that his rage was great. But he held himself in.

"I'll meet you later," he said, in a low, tremulous tone, retreating and dropping to a seat on Jack's cot.

"Lightfoot, I came to see you, not that popinjay!" said Kid, nodding toward Lee Willis. "Whenever he's ready to meet me I'll take pleasure in hammering his face off. But I don't pay any more attention to him than I do to the barking of a yellow dog."

He knew he was irritating Willis, and that was why he said it.

"If you want to train him," he went on, speaking to Jack, "that's all right—train him. You'll have your trouble for your pains. When you get him in good shape just send me word, or give me the tip, and I stand ready to knock his block off."

Lee Willis came up from the cot like a jumping-jack.

"You coward, I'll fight you now!" he screamed, beside himself with rage.

Kid laughed insolently.

"If you come close to me, Willis, I'll pull your nose for you again, as I did the other day."

"And, if you do, I'll kill you!" Willis threatened, as he had threatened more than once.

"You'd lay for me with a club, like Ben Birkett did, I suppose? That's about the kind of courage you've got, I'm thinking."

Willis stood trembling in the middle of the floor, his face slowly paling, while a light of fury blazed in his eyes.

But he knew he dared not leap at this big fellow, and even in his mad rage that knowledge restrained him.

"You know you could hammer my face in now, and——"

"And *you* know it!" retorted Kid, with another sneer. "Go sit down, please; I came here to talk to Lightfoot."

"I'm waiting to hear what you've got to say," said Jack calmly.

He was not afraid of Kennedy, even if Willis was.

"Say it!" he invited, when Kid hesitated.

Kid's black eyes sparkled with an angry light as he turned from Willis to Jack.

"I want to know if you put that Cranford fellow up to that dirty little trick he played on me the other night?" he demanded.

Jack laughed, for he understood perfectly well what Kid meant. Yet he merely said:

"If you'll explain what you're talking about perhaps I can tell you."

"I think you know, all right; but it was that little fellow who came from Cranford with Marlin and your cousin,



Tom Lightfoot. It was that night during the masquerade on the ice. I think the fellow's name was Kimball."

"Oh, yes—Nat Kimball!"

"That's the name, and he came from Cranford with your friends. Well, that evening during the masquerade he tried to play a trick on me. He disguised himself in women's clothes—made up like a Dutch country girl, you know, and put on a mask. There was a certain young lady of this town—I don't mind naming her—it was Sid Percival's sister—who was to come to the ice that night in that same costume."

"In a similar one, you mean!" said Jack.

"Well, yes, that's what I mean; and you knew about it! Then this friend of yours from Cranford, Nat Kimball, gets himself up in that rig, with a mask on, and he skates out to me on the ice and leads me to believe that he is Kitty Percival. I didn't know, of course, on account of the mask, and——"

He glared at Jack.

"Did you put him up to that? That's what I want to know?" he demanded. "That's what I've come here to find out?"

"You didn't tell all of it," said Jack coolly. "This fellow that you thought was Kitty Percival pretended to be playing deaf and dumb that night; and he had some type-written slips ready, and when you got soft and mushy in your talk to the girl you supposed he was he handed out some of the slips as answers. You squeezed his lily-white hand, and told him what a handsome girl he was, and how much you were stuck on him, and things of that kind. Yes, that was my friend Kimball."

A wolfish gleam came into Kid's dark eyes.

For an instant it seemed he meant to attack Jack, for he doubled his heavy fists and moved out from the door, thrusting out his jaw.

"Mebbe you think that was smart?" he said. "I reckon that's what you and this mut, Willis, would call bein' a gentleman? I call it a low-down, dirty trick; and I say it to your face! It was a dirty trick on his part, and more than a dirty trick on yours, if you put him up to it, and I guess you did. Them's my sentiments, and I'm ready to back 'em!"

He finished with an oath, and squared himself as if to resist Jack's rush.

Jack stood in the center of the room, laughing.

"Then what?" he asked, with apparent good humor; yet even as he said it his face was flushed and his gray-blue eyes were shining with uncommon brightness.

"I just wanted to know sure that that was your friend and that you put him up to that," said Kennedy angrily.

"He was my friend and I put him up to it."

"I suppose you think that was smart?"

"I think it was clever, the way he carried it out; you were fooled all right, and you made yourself ridiculous."

"I suppose you think the girl will like it when she knows of it?"

"She'll not know it from me."

This was a relief to Kid. He had expected that Jack would tell Kitty Percival, or had told her.

"All right," he said then. "You know what I think of it. It don't give me any higher opinion of you! You're about the size I thought you."

"You're several sizes smaller than I thought you!"

"I am, eh? I'm big enough for you, all right. But——"

He hesitated.

"You might tell her yourself," Jack suggested, laughing at him.

Kid glared; then pulled himself together.

"What I want to speak about is that hockey game," he declared.

Jack laughed again.

"I guess there's no doubt that we beat your team. Everybody seems agreed on that."

"Cut that out!" growled Kid. Will you play us again? That's the question."

"Gladly," said Jack. "Name your time and place, and I'll put my scrub team against anything you can pick up."

"Against the team you tackled before," said Kennedy. "That's what I mean. The fellows say the officials played dirt, and that if you hadn't worked an off-side cheat you couldn't done that trick of landing the puck the last time. So we're willing to try you over. The fellows were jackasses for playing your scrubs in the first place, for——"

"Yes, I agree with you; they ought to have practised more before they tackled us."

"They were fools for playing you. I wasn't there, and their work was ragged. I guess you saw that before you challenged 'em, or you wouldn't gone into it. But that's past. They were fools enough to play your scrubs, and through that unfair decision——"

"I didn't call it an unfair decision, but an eminently fair one."

"The fellows say it was an unfair decision; and, anyway, I wasn't there, and they ain't never able to play worth shucks when I'm not with 'em. Your scrubs won, whether it was by an unfair decision or any other way; and we want a chance now to get back at you. Are you goin' to give it to us?"

"I've said so—yes. Any time you want."

"That's good!"

He put his hand on the door-knob.

"And as for you, Willis," he flung at the boy who sat on the cot, "whenever your *friend*"—he emphasized that word with a meaning sneer—"has trained you so that you ain't afraid to stand up before me just tip the word, and I'll take pleasure in pounding your *gentlemanly* head off. Savvy?"

Then he opened the door, growling because the lock did not work quickly, and let himself out of the room.

"A pleasant fellow," said Jack as Kid retreated.

"A coward and a poltroon!" cried Willis, his face aflame. "If ever I do get in condition to meet him I'll pay him for all the insults he has heaped on me."

### CHAPTER III.

#### BOLSTERING THEIR COURAGE.

It was the next night that Jack Lightfoot met the newer students of Seagirt Academy, calling them together for the purpose in a hotel room down-town, so that whatever was said or done at that meeting might not reach the ears of the upper classmen.

Though most of the boys lodged in rooms in the dormitories, there were a number of private lodging-houses and boarding-houses which took in students, and some of these were well down-town. A few students even boarded at the hotel where this meeting was held. Students like Sid Percival, whose parents resided in Seagirt, boarded and roomed at home, as a usual thing.



Gathered in that room, in answer to Jack's call, which he had sent quietly among them, were about all the newer men who had received harsh treatment at the hands of Kid Kennedy and his following.

Lee Willis was there, of course, and Jack's friends from Cranford—Tom Lightfoot, Lafe Lampton, and Jubal Marlin. Among the others were Joe Jucklin and Magoun Tempest.

Jucklin was raw-boned, red-headed, and freckle-faced—an awkward fellow from the mountains of Tennessee, with a dialect to give one a pain in the stomach and a natural hatred of an aristocrat like Lee Willis.

Magoun Tempest was of a different kind—short, chunky, dark, with yellow, catty eyes. He was fiery and eccentric, and at times wild and reckless.

Tempest had been talking loudly, denouncing the upper classmen, before Jack rose to speak.

Lafe Lampton, who had been sitting quietly in a corner, cracking and chewing peanuts, clapped his hands lazily as Jack got up.

"I'm glad we seem to be all of one mind on this subject," said Jack, standing at one end of the room and facing the fellows who had come together in answer to his call.

"We couldn't be of any other, with those upper classmen playing horses with us all the time," grumbled Tempest, studying Jack's face with his fiery eyes.

"That's right," Jack agreed, with a smile.

He was wondering how he could get hold of these men, so that he might wield them as one in a fight against the upper classmen. He had learned that they had quarreled and fought among themselves, and the work promised not to be easy. Jucklin hated Lee Willis, and Willis looked down on Jucklin. Magoun Tempest had his pronounced likes and dislikes, and did not hesitate to make them known; and so it went.

"All of us are likely to be in Seagirt Academy for some time," said Jack—

"Unless we're kicked out by the faculty!" Lafe interrupted, laughing.

Lafe had been conditioned, on his entrance, in certain studies, and that added work he had not yet made up.

"We're likely to be here some time," Jack went on; "and, unless we can make a stand against Kid Kennedy's crowd, we'll have trouble as long as we're here. And that's why I asked you to come to this room, that we might talk the thing over."

Lee Willis jumped to his feet to say something, but when he saw Jucklin's jealous eyes fixed on him he flushed and sat down.

"The only way we can make a stand," said Jack, "is for us to combine. That's the natural and the only thing to do."

"Combine how?" said Tempest, with a grunt.

He looked sharply at some of the boys he disliked. Two of them he had met in fights which he had not forgotten.

"As we did in that hockey match the other day," Jack answered. "We got together, and we won a victory that is being talked of all over the town."

"But we're not all hockey players," another objected. "And winning a few hockey games wouldn't stop this continual annoyance to which we're subjected."

"Of course, we can't go with complaints to the faculty, nor—"

"Of course not!" a half-dozen shouted.

To have suggested that the actions of the upper classmen should be taken to the faculty would have killed Jack's influence with these fellows at once. Whatever of hazing and abuse might fall to them, that was not, in their opinion, the proper way to get relief.

"Oh, well, we'll all be swaggering upper classmen after awhile," said Lafe humorously, his mouth full of peanuts, "and then we'll be able to take out our revenge on the new students who come in next year. We can turn about and haze some other fellows then, and even it that way."

"We won at hockey—"

"You mightn't do it again!" was hurled at Jack as an objection. "Kid Kennedy wasn't able to play that day!"

"We won at hockey," Jack went on, "and I think we can do it again. And is there any reason why we couldn't organize other scrub teams—basket-ball teams, baseball teams, and other kinds, and put ourselves in training? We can train, and in that way find out what our material is worth; and when we're ready we can force the upper classmen to meet us in certain games. If they defeat us we're no worse off than now, and if we defeat them we—"

"Would that stop the abuse and the hazing?" objected Tempest. "Nit, it wouldn't!"

Jack smiled at Tempest.

"I'm going to suggest my friend Tempest for captain of the hockey team. He's a fighter, and he's a skater. Then we'll organize a baseball team for practise, and a basket-ball team, and a track team, and other teams of that kind. We'll select captains, and get to work. If we've got good material, and I think we have, we can do wonders in a little while."

"But suh!" cried Jucklin, lifting his voice, "I simply ask faw information, suh—but how is all that going to hold back the uppeh classmen when they reso't to hazing and otheh villainous conduct? I'm just asking faw information, suh."

Jack's eyes flashed.

"We can protect ourselves if we stand together! If we put aside our own quarrels and stand as one man against them, we can do something. Let me illustrate by recalling what happened to me, though I think you're all familiar with it. The upper classmen came to my room, disguised, to haze me; and they captured me easily enough, for they came in so softly that I was still asleep after they had got in. They took me to the railroad track and tied me to the rails, to scare me by making me think they meant to leave me there to be killed by the fast express. But friends came to my help—Lee Willis, and my friend Lampton, and others; and with their help a dummy was made and put in my place on the rails. The hazers, who intended merely to scare me and then release me, were frightened away; and, before they could get back, the dummy was struck by the engine. That scared them almost into hysterics, for they saw murder charges looming against them; and then my friends and I rose up out of the darkness and gave them the merry 'Ha! ha!' just as they discovered that the thing knocked from the track was a dummy put there in my stead to fool them."\*

"Yes, suh, we know about that!" said Jucklin; yet his

\*See No. 53, "Jack Lightfoot's Hazing."



tone showed that he was not pleased by that mention of Lee Willis.

"Well, that's what I mean," Jack continued. "I was helped, and we turned the tables on the hazers in great shape."

"The upper classmen are more in number than we are," objected a young fellow who had been pretty well cowed by Kid Kennedy's tyrannical crew.

"Numbers do not always count. The British outnumbered the Americans, but they were defeated in the Revolution and in the War of 1812. We've simply got to stand together."

He looked about.

"If any one has a suggestion as to how that is to be done I'd like to hear it."

"We came down here to hear you tell that," said Tempest, with a harsh laugh.

"Well, then," said Jack, "I'll illustrate again. A certain lower classman has been whipped by an upper classman more than once. The thing was unbearable. What was he to do? Whenever he fought that upper classman he simply got whipped again. He found that out; and now he's in training, and he hopes in a little while to be able to meet the fellow with a chance of success, and give him the trouncing he deserves."

They glanced round, eying each other. Nearly every man there had at one time or another felt the heavy fists of Kid Kennedy or some of his chums.

"He'll git licked again, suh, in my opinion!" said Jucklin.

"Not if he trains thoroughly, and learns some fighting tricks with which the other fellow isn't acquainted."

"Who'll teach 'em to him?" cried Tempest. "Where's this trainer—this wonder?"

Jack flushed. He did not know how they would take what he meant to say now.

"I'm trying to teach him myself!"

Tempest laughed harshly again, though Jack's suggestion that Tempest should be made captain of the hockey team had somewhat mollified him and inclined him to look at Jack with a friendly eye.

"If you can do that, you'll have your hands full," he said, "for we'll take lessons of you! I reckon you're meaning Kid Kennedy, and we've all got it in for him."

"Yes, I mean Kid Kennedy. Who the lower classman is I won't say now, but he's in this room."

Again they glanced at each other, each searching the faces of those nearest him.

"And that's what I mean," Jack went on. "Help each other, stand by each other, rally to each other, have some call or signal by which, when attacked, we can summon assistance; and when we hear that signal go hot-footed to the help of the fellow who sounds it. Drop our personal differences, and meet these upper classmen just as they meet us. They stand together; we've been standing apart."

"What signal would you suggest?" was asked.

Jack hesitated.

"Well, at Cranford, where I came from, we had what we call the 'coo-ee!' call. It is easily made, rings out clearly and to a good distance, and was satisfactory. If any one has anything better, any whistle or cry, we might adopt that. The thing is to have a signal; and to forget old differences and help whatever lower classman uses it. If we hang together, and drill in various kinds of athletics—get ourselves in condition, you know—we can trouble

these upper classmen a lot, even if we don't do anything more. And it will be hard for them to feel that they've conquered us; and that's what they want—to subdue us, to make us do their dirty work, run errands for them, and let them enjoy the pleasure of piling on us a lot of abuse. I'm for standing out against it."

Magoun Tempest grinned, and his yellow, catty eyes sparkled.

"I don't know but I'm with you. But, say! we'll have a lot of hot old fighting on our hands if we do try that!"

"We'll have fighting, of course," said Jack; "but we'll put ourselves in shape to fight."

## CHAPTER IV.

### REEL SNODGRASS.

It was late when Jack came down from that room.

He had lingered until the last, talking the matter over with Tempest and Jucklin and some of the others.

Lee Willis had gone, and so had Lafe and Tom.

Jack could not feel that he had accomplished much, but he had made a beginning. He had put the thought of resistance into some fellows who had developed a spineless attitude toward those insufferable upper classmen. That was something.

No definite organization had been effected, yet he believed that would come in time. There had been some talk of baseball nines and things of that kind, but no material for nines had been chosen, and no suggestion had been made as to leadership, more than Jack had made himself in suggesting Magoun Tempest for captain of the scrub hockey team.

In making that suggestion Jack had wanted to conciliate and win Magoun to his views; though what he had seen of Magoun and his playing made him know that he would captain a hockey team all right, and fight like a tiger for victory. And Magoun had gone from the room, in the end, pleased with himself and with Jack.

Yes, Jack could feel that he had made a beginning. He could not expect that these fellows would accept his leadership without doubt or question. They were not Cranford boys. Even Cranford boys, it will be recalled, had not done that invariably.

As Jack departed from the hotel and walked alone along the street, with the street lamps winking few and far between and a cold wind coming across the marshes that lay beyond the town, he beheld a form that caused him to turn about and look closely.

"Kid Kennedy!" he said to himself.

Kid had come, apparently, from the direction of the hotel, and the thought came to Jack like a flash that perhaps Kid had got wind of that meeting and had been in hiding somewhere, perhaps in an adjoining room, and so had heard all that was said.

Jack's cheeks flushed hot in spite of the chill wind, as that suggestion flitted through his mind.

Apparently Kid did not see him, for Jack was standing partly in shadow, and Kid had come out into the light of one of the street lamps.

Jack stepped farther back, into the gloom of a deep doorway, and stood there in the darkness until he saw Kid go by.

Kid had his cap pulled well down over his eyes and did not look into the doorway.

When Jack put his head out after Kid had passed he



was still further surprised, for he saw Kid joined at the street corner by a young fellow whose form looked strangely familiar.

He could not see this young fellow's face.

"I should say Reel Snodgrass, if I didn't know that Reel isn't here and isn't acquainted with Kennedy."

As Kid and this young fellow who looked so much like Reel Snodgrass went on, Jack continued to watch them. Then he followed them, and had the satisfaction of seeing them vanish together up a dark stairway.

The building into which they had gone was unlighted, apparently. There were certainly no lights in front of it. All the buildings along there—the street was solidly built up at that point—were houses of two and three stories, the lower parts used for stores and the upper portions for offices and rooms of various kinds.

As Jack stood watching the building, having taken a position in a dark doorway opposite for the purpose, he observed a man come along the street, halt there, glance about uncertainly as if to make sure he was not noticed, and then dive out of sight in that stairway.

Jack came out from his post of observation and looked up and down the street.

A block away he saw a light in a store. Two or three stores still showed lights beyond that.

He hurried toward them, and to his joy found that one of them was a clothing store. It was a cheap establishment, dingy, and selling cheap goods. But it promised to answer his purpose.

"Ah! someding I can do for you?" said the Jewish proprietor, coming forward with a greasy smile of familiarity. "Coats, bants, suids—annydings vat you vant, und so sheap you musd pay."

Jack began to look over the stock of goods heaped on the counters; and in a little while had chosen a suit, a hat, and necktie, paying for them, and then retreating behind the screen shown him and putting them on.

"There's a drug store near?" he asked, as he came from behind the screen and looked at himself in the glass at one side of the room.

"Oop de streed shust a liddle vays."

"And now how much would it be worth," he inquired, "for you to keep open an hour longer, or be ready, at the end of an hour, to let me have the suit I've taken off, and which I shall leave with you?"

The Jew stared.

"A masquerade, eh?" he said, and his little eyes shone greedily. "Vell, it vould pe vort fife tollars."

"Oh, well——"

Jack took up his discarded suit, which he had rolled into a bundle.

"Two tollars;" cried the Jew, relenting.

Jack stopped in his progress toward the door.

"If you will keep this suit, so that I can have it without trouble in an hour or so, I'll give you two dollars."

A minute later he was in the street, making his way toward the apothecary's he had inquired about.

There he bought some rouge and whitening, and a lead-pencil-shaped stick of black for darkening the eyebrows.

"For my sister," he explained, smiling at the clerk.

The clerk understood that these things were not for Jack's sister.

"A student's lark, I guess!" he said, with a meaning smile.

"Just so. I want to use your back room for a minute, while I put on these finishing touches."

Jack found a mirror back there, and, standing before it, applied the rouge and whitening and the black with such artistic effect that the clerk would have found it difficult to identify him, if he had seen him again. Having made these preparations, Jack slipped out quietly by the back entrance, and had been gone some time before the clerk was aware of it.

Once again in front of the stairway where he had seen Kid Kennedy and that other young fellow vanish, Jack stood in hesitation. He was resolved to enter that building and was meditating on his method of attack.

As he did so, a young man came along, glanced at him sharply, and turned to the stairway.

Jack stepped up to him.

"I'm from the academy—Seagirt, you know! I think some of our fellows have gone up there. It's a gambling place, you understand; they gave me the slip. I don't want to go stumbling into the wrong house."

"Oh, I see! Well, yes, some of the fellows are down from the academy every night. Know Kennedy?"

"Not very well. I'm one of the newer students, you know."

"Oh, all right; follow me."

Jack followed eagerly.

His guess had been right—he had been sure it would be. This was a gaming-house frequented by students and many others, and was run on the sly. He had already heard of it, in talks at the academy, but this was the first time he knew its definite location. He had been told that Professors Chubb and Lazenby were mightily down on it, and had sharply forbidden the academy students to visit it.

Jack was thinking, as he climbed the dark stairs behind that young man, of Reel Snodgrass.

When the young man tapped on a door at the top of the stairs, and it was opened to receive him, Jack slid in with him; but drew away from him as quickly as he could, mixing with the crowd, so that when the young fellow looked about to behold who it was had followed him Jack had disappeared.

Jack was at the other side of the room, watching a game of cards which appeared to attract the attention of several besides those who were playing.

Those who observed him now beheld a young fellow, somewhat roughly clothed, whose face seemed to be reddened and roughened by the wind, and whose eyebrows were black and thick. He looked not unlike a sailor. Under the eyes were dark circles, apparently indicating that this red-faced chap had been dissipating or losing too much sleep.

At the first opportunity Jack glanced over the room—which was a large upper room, so blinded that no light from it could reach the street in front.

Many young men and boys were gathered there. Most of them were interested in some form of gaming. At one side was a small space that had a singular look, as if it were a box thrust out of the wall; and there a man stood in shirt-sleeves, dispensing drinks.

Here Jack's keen eyes fell on Kid Kennedy, and—yes, he was right—on Reel Snodgrass!

They were leaning on that boxlike bar talking together.

Jack slid into a chair close by the wall and near one of the gaming-tables, and, with his hat well over his eyes,



watched them, though he appeared to be intently observing the game being played at the table.

He heard Kid call for a drink, and saw him and Reel drink together; then he watched them go to the pool-table at the opposite side of the room and begin to knock the balls about.

"Reel Snodgrass!"

Jack knew that his nerves were jumping.

He recalled Reel's history at Cranford and before he came to Cranford, and thought of that fiend in human form, Boralmo, who had been shown to be Reel's own father.

Boralmo was in prison, he believed; but on account of his youth, and other considerations, Reel's various meanesses, including his attempt to impose himself on old Mr. Snodgrass of Cranford as his nephew and the son of his brother who had died in India, had gone unpunished. Reel had been given his liberty.

Since then Jack had not heard of him, though he often thought of him.

And now Reel was here!

Did it mean anything? Or was Reel again in one of his wild and reckless moods, gambling and drinking because there seemed nothing better for him to do, and had he by a mere chance made the acquaintance of Kid Kennedy?

For a long time Jack sat there, pretending to pay attention to the card game near him, yet watching Reel and Kid with hawklike vision.

In their movements about the pool-table he came now and then under their eyes, as they glanced round the room; but his altered appearance prevented them from looking at him a second time, or suspecting him for an instant.

If they had been permitted to come close to him, to push aside his hat, and make an examination, they might have disclosed his identity, even though Jack was remarkably good in mere facial make-up; but Jack did not intend that they should have an opportunity to do that, nor even be led to seek to.

Jack wanted to hear what they were saying, for, after a time, they put up their cues and stood together at one end of the table, talking.

He now boldly went over to the table, took a cue from the rack, and, chalking it, shot a ball at one of the pockets.

In following it round he came so close to Kid that they almost rubbed shoulders.

He did this two or three times, but the ruse did not work.

Kid was cautious. He did not suspect this young fellow of being Jack Lightfoot—would have stood ready to declare that the thing was impossible—yet he did not intend that what he was saying to Reel should be overheard. And Reel was equally cautious.

Jack put away the cue and strolled over to a table where another game was going on.

He had made one important discovery, anyway. Kid and Reel were discussing a subject that was not intended for other ears; and that meant that something crooked was back of it, in Jack's opinion.

Jack had barely left the pool-table when there was a loud crash at the door he had entered, accompanied by some shouted command, and a roar of sudden excitement from the inmates at that end of the room.

"A raid!" he heard Kid say in a scared voice. "This way!"

Kid clutched Reel Snodgrass by the arm and ran with him toward the front, or street, end of the room.

Jack followed.

Men were jumping up and diving pellmell in every direction, with an overturning of chairs and a great clatter; and in the midst of it Jack saw that square, boxlike bar, where drinks had been served, slide into the wall like a closing section of telescope, leaving only the blank wall there for the observation of the officers who were hammering for an entrance at the rear stairway door.

Jack did not stop, but kept close at the heels of Kid and Reel; and then, with other young fellows who were converging toward that spot, he seemed to be shot into a dark hole, where a door had opened in a corner of the room; and then he felt himself tumbling and stumbling down a dark stairs, up which the cold wind from the marshes swept with chilling force.

A little later he was in a small alley, and saw men running.

An officer stood there and shouted at them, commanding them to halt.

They ran the officer down and fled wildly.

Jack sprang with a wild leap over the roaring and bellowing officer as he pawed in the dirt and snow, and, sprinting as fast as the fastest, he gained the end of the alley. He had no more desire than the others to be captured and taken before some court, and so have the matter brought up before Professor Chubb or Professor Lazenby.

Where the alley opened into the street he again caught sight of Kid Kennedy.

Kid had stopped there and was cautiously waiting.

"That you?" he said, staring hard at Jack in the darkness, and Jack knew he meant Reel Snodgrass.

"No," Jack answered, running straight on.

Kid followed him, for there was danger that more officers might appear, and he did not wish to be identified by the officer whom the frightened gamblers had run down and left floundering in the dirty alley snow.

"What a lark!" thought Jack as he ran wildly up the street.

He had lost his bearings. He had never seen this street before. In a little while he was alone, with no one in sight. He stopped to get his breath and look about.

Then, studying the stars, which he could see here, for the street was a small one and dark, he made his way in roundabout and at times uncertain fashion back to the Jew store where he had left his clothing.

"Mine cracious!" the Jew protested. "How lonk do you expect me to stay oop for you?"

Jack looked at his watch.

"It is late!" he acknowledged. "I didn't think it was so late."

The light was poor and the Jew was now staring.

"I am recognizing dose clodings," he said suspiciously,



"but I do not recognize you! He gif 'em to you? I mean de younk feller dot pought 'em? Did he gib 'em to you?"

"I am the same fellow," said Jack, with a laugh; and he tossed the Jew an extra dollar, for he had compelled him to wait an unconscionable long time.

The Jew threw up his hands, and then reached to turn the gas higher.

"Mines gootness, iss dot possibleness?" he cried. "Vot iss diss? Show-ackting?"

"Just some school nonsense," said Jack, as he shifted into his former clothing. "Just a little fun, you know."

"Oh-h! I understood! Dose Seakirt Acatemy foolishnesses! Oh, vell, poys vill pe poys! You had some foon, I hopes?"

"Cords of it!" said Jack.

"Ach! I wish I vos a poy vounce again! Pud I neffer had no foolishnesses like dose even vhen I vas a poy. No, sir! I solt clodings. If you egspect to make money, you must stick close py peezeness. Yes, I dink so. Vale, goot night!"

Jack was out in the cold again, carrying the clothing he had worn in following Kennedy and Reel into that gambling-house. And the paint and whitening were gone from his face.

He felt now that it had been a wild and reckless adventure. What if he had been captured in that raid?

"It was a close call," was his thought. "That's not a place for any one to be seen in, or caught in. I'll have to look out! I escaped by a stroke of luck."

Then he began to think again of Reel Snodgrass.

What was Reel doing in Seagirt?

How had he made the acquaintance of Kid Kennedy?

What did that low talk between Kid and Reel mean?

It was easy to ask these questions, but not so easy to answer them.

## CHAPTER V.

### SNODGRASS AND KENNEDY.

Reel Snodgrass and Kid Kennedy had leaped wildly over the prostrate form of the policeman who had been knocked down by that mad rush of men into the alley, and they met again, after Jack had passed on.

"This way!" said Kid, dragging Reel now by the arm.

He pulled Reel into a narrow doorway.

Before them was another dark stairway, and up this they went with a rush.

At the top of the stairway they stopped on the landing, and stood there, panting, and listening to the noise in the little street.

"A close call!" said Reel.

"Yes," was the low answer. "But, say, did you notice that fellow who came flying down behind us?"

"The fellow with the bluish suit and the red face? He passed me and cut out lively. I guess he's running yet."

He laughed.

"Yes, that's the one; he was right behind us. I saw him as we fell through that doorway into the stairs; and if I'm not off my nut that fellow was Jack Lightfoot!"

Kid stared.

"Oh, you're away off!"

"Well, I know the fellow better than you do, and that was Jack Lightfoot."

"But the face, and the——"

"Yes, I know what you're going to say; but you don't know how clever he is. I've seen him in stage plays, and disguised and masked, at Cranford. I know it was him."

Kid blew out a low whistle of surprise.

"But what would he be doing there disguised?"

"He followed you!"

"Me?"

"Sure thing."

"Then he followed you, too?"

"Yes, he followed both of us. He spotted us on the street, and got in there somehow. He's as sly and suspicious as a fox."

"Oh, say, you must be mistaken about that being Jack Lightfoot!"

"I'm not, I tell you!"

"But you had a good look at him there at that pool-table, and you didn't know it was him then."

"No, for he had his disguise on—his facial disguise, I mean; had his face screwed up in some odd way, making him look like a weather-beaten young sailor who had strayed in there quite by accident. But when he tumbled through that door onto the stairway he was too much excited to keep that up, and his face then was the face of Jack Lightfoot, with the red color added for a disguise, and that black stuff put on his eyebrows to make them look black and heavy. I had a good look, and I'm not mistaken. I pinched your arm to make you look, too, but you ran right on and didn't notice."

"About every fellow there was pinching my arms and kicking my legs at that time," said Kid, feeling of his bruised calves. "But, say, what was he up to—if that was Jack? Why did he follow me, or both of us?"

"He's tumbled!"

"Caught on, eh?"

"Yes, he's discovered that I'm in the town. That's made him suspicious, and he came down on the streets to watch for me; and then he saw us together and followed us. I know it's that way."

"Well, he didn't hear anything we said; we were mighty cautious about that, you know. Gee! I wish I'd thought to have looked closer at him while he was fooling with that cue."

"Shall we stay here?" asked Reel. "We're likely to be nabbed yet if we stand here."

"Perhaps we can open this door," said Kid. "If we



can, I know where that hall leads. We'll come out on the main street."

"He took some keys from his pocket, began to try them, found one that fitted the lock, and so opened the door.

When they had passed through into the dark hall he locked the door after them.

"We're safe enough now," he remarked, breathing more freely. "I wonder how many fellows were captured in that raid? Hope none of the academy crowd got pinched. And I'd like to know who put the police wise?"

"There will be a high old row on at your academy if any of your fellows were pinched."

"You bet! Old Chubb will be for slinging them out neck-and-heels."

"A tough old bat, is he?"

"He's a Tartar, when he gets to going. Yet he's a good deal of a fool, too. He shouldn't expect to have the lights out and every fellow in bed there at ten o'clock, pounding his ear in sleep. The thing's preposterous."

"I should say so."

They stood in the hall, listening. But the closed and locked door shut out all sounds.

"Now which way?" Reel asked.

Kid turned and walked on in the darkness.

"I'd give five dollars if I was safe in my room," he said.

"I tell you what—come to my room at the hotel to-night. If anything happens—if it should become known that you were out of your room—you can say that you had an invitation to stay all night, down-town, with a friend. If you go back to the dormitory at this hour, you're likely to be spotted while sneaking in. It will be safer for you to stay down-town."

"If that was Jack, I hope he gets caught when *he* sneaks in! Say, if he should be pinched by Old Stubbs, in that suit and with that red complexion he's now wearing, wouldn't the old man make a howl? He seems to be getting of the opinion that Jack's a goody-goody little boy; and you bet that would open his eyes some!"

"I hope he does get caught!" said Reel, with emphasis.

"But you'll go with me?" he asked, as they descended into the street, which they found quite deserted.

Kid looked about, and then, stepping into a doorway, struck a match and consulted his watch.

"I think I'll accept your kind invitation. Where is your hotel?"

"Just over here a little ways."

He led off, striking soon into another street and leading the way to the hotel where he had a room.

When they stood before it Kid hesitated, then drew his coat collar up about his neck.

"I don't know that I want to be seen, even by the hotel clerk," he objected.

"Oh, come on; he doesn't know me, except by sight,

and he wouldn't know you from Adam if he saw you again! You can stroll into the billiard-room while I buy some cigars, and then we'll go up that side stairway which leads from the billiard-room."

A few men were still in the billiard-room when Kid Kennedy entered it, but he had pulled his cap well over his eyes and drawn his collar well up round his neck; and, going over by the wall, he stood, with his hands in his pockets, apparently contemplating a racing-picture which hung there.

When he saw Reel entering he stepped to the stairway and proceeded in advance, Reel catching him as they came to the top of the stairs.

"Now we're all right," said Reel, "and we can have a talk and a smoke."

He held up a handful of cigars.

"Now about Lightfoot," said Kid, when they were in Reel's room, with the door locked and the gas lighted.

Reel pushed the cigars toward him across the table, and some matches with them, before answering.

"Smoke up!" he invited. "Lightfoot's a gay boy, but he doesn't want any one to know it. He simply ran things at Cranford, and he'll run them here if——"

"Not much, he won't!" said Kid fiercely, touching a lighted match to the cigar he had selected.

"I was going to say, if you'll let him."

"I'm running things here," said Kid, with an insolent laugh. "If he thinks he's going to, why, he's got another think coming to him."

"He'll think it, and he'll try to; I know the fellow. I know every hair of his head and every turn of his thought. And that's why I said I could help you."

"Go on," said Kid; "what's your plans?"

"Do him up physically—with your fists; and then ruin his reputation with the faculty."

"Easy enough said," Kid grunted.

"You aren't afraid of him?"

"Well, I guess not!"

"I knew that, of course. Well, now, I'll tell you."

He had settled back in his chair and blew a ring of smoke toward the ceiling.

He had lost something of the bronzed, tanned look that was so noticeable when he came first to Cranford. The effect of the Northern climate might have been responsible, and was, in part; but, in addition to the loss of that heavy tan, he had accumulated dark rings under his eyes, and his jaws were longer and thinner.

But it was the old Reel Snodgrass, for all that—confident, aggressive, self-possessed, and daring to recklessness.

With the exception of his father, known as Boralmo, Jack had never had a more dangerous enemy; only that Reel, for a part of the time, while he was at Cranford, had elected to try to get on the good side of Jack and be his friend.



In return for this, Jack had taught him about all he knew of athletics, which was now considerable, though he had known nothing of Northern sports, with the exception of baseball, when he left his old home in far-off Bombay.

"Let me tell you why I hate him so, and then you'll see why I'm in this to help you and to down him. I'd go any length now to ruin him, for he ruined me."

Reel's tone was fierce and bitter with hate, and his eyes snapped angrily. Yet his voice was cool, and he seemed otherwise not excited.

Kid Kennedy laid his cigar down on the table and looked at Reel questioningly.

"It's funny how we got acquainted," he said. "You were down by the lake, and heard me speak of Jack Lightfoot, and then you came to me afterward. I knew you hated him, of course; but it's funny how acquaintances will come about, ain't it?"

Reel smoked for a minute in silence.

"As to that," he said, "I'll acknowledge that I was looking for you."

"For me?"

"Not for you personally, but for whoever the fellow was that Jack had run up against here. I knew he would run up against somebody. He couldn't help it. It's in the blood."

"Yes?"

Kid took up his cigar again.

"The fellow's bound to run things wherever he is, and I was sure that he'd bump into somebody good and hard almost as soon as he landed here. I made some inquiries, and I found out that it was you."

Kid was a bit surprised at the cool calculations of this young fellow who seemed to know so much about Jack Lightfoot.

"And now I'll tell you," Reel went on, "why I hate him."

The angry light flashed again in his eyes.

"I had gone to Cranford, after some wild experiences on my way there from Bombay, of which I won't take the time to tell you now. For one thing, I was wrecked in the South Pacific, and came near going to the bottom of that big old ocean. But I landed, safe and sound, in Cranford, the home of this Jack Lightfoot. And there I laid claim to being the nephew of a man named Snodgrass, who owned the bank and dozens of houses, together with farms and bonds and stocks and other things like that. He was rich as cheese. If I'd stayed with him till he croaked, and he still took me for his nephew, I'd have got his fortune, for the old lady, his wife, would have been dead, probably, by that time, and he had no children. He thought I was the son of his brother, an old sea captain, who had died some years before, out in Bombay.

"I'm not going to take time to tell you how I came to make that claim; but I made it, and the old gent received me as his nephew, and everything was going well.

"Things went along all right all summer, and pretty nearly all fall, and, no doubt, would have gone so to the end if Jack Lightfoot hadn't chipped in.

"It's too long a story to tell—but he found out that I wasn't the old man's nephew, but that I was the son of another man than that old sea captain who made his croak in Bombay; and then the fat was in the fire, and I had to jump out of the town to keep from going to the penitentiary. I was pulled, but I got off.

"But you can see how that ruined me—put me out in the world again; and, but for the fact that my own father had some money, I'd to-day be on my uppers, or worse."

His face had flushed to a dull, angry red as he told this story.

Kid Kennedy sat staring at him, with mouth open, the cigar held loosely in his fingers and its blue smoke curling slowly toward the ceiling. This was an astounding revelation.

"The devil you say!" he ejaculated slowly.

He stuck the cigar in his mouth and began to smoke furiously.

"You was playing that game over in Cranford?" he asked.

"It was a good game, wasn't it?" said Reel.

"Oh, it was slick, all right! But——"

Reel looked at him sharply.

"Well, what?" he snapped.

"Oh, nothing."

Kid dropped back into his chair.

"It's nothing—none of my business, I mean. But you've certainly got the nerve!"

"Enough to down Jack Lightfoot, and courage to back my nerve!"

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE POWER OF THE HYPNOTIST.

Reel laughed, but bit viciously at the end of his cigar and spat the end out into the cuspidor.

"I've told you this because I wanted you to know just why I've got it in for that fellow, so that you'll be sure that you can trust me to hit him every time I can, and hit him hard. I've come to this town to ruin him. He ruined me, and now I get even—see?"

Kid tried to laugh, but did not make a success of it. "I can see that I'd rather have you after him than to have you after me."

"That's right, too!" said Reel, nodding and beginning to smoke again. "I'm after him, and I'll ruin him in this town, and have him kicked out of Seagirt Academy before I get through with him."



"How are you going to do it?"

Kid's interest had been stirred. His face was now also flushed.

It was a coarse face, heavier than that of Reel Snodgrass. He lacked Reel's great brain power. He was of heavier fiber and heavier ways. When he disliked a fellow his method was to go up and smash that fellow in the face. Reel's way was to slip behind him and drive a stiletto into his back in the dark, or get him into some compromising position and then expose and disgrace him.

The two together made a team whose dangerous strength can hardly be realized. Jack Lightfoot might have trembled, if he had understood just what was taking place and could have seen into the minds and hearts of these conspirators against his happiness.

"How are you going to do it?" Kid asked again, when Reel smoked on without immediately answering.

"I don't expect to do it in a minute, nor in a day. I'm going to help you, in the first place. You're to have a game of hockey with his scrub team, you told me."

"Yes, that's so."

"His scrubs defeated your fellows when they tried it before."

"That's so, too; but I wasn't leadin' 'em."

"Don't you think there's danger of them doing it again?"

Kid shifted in his chair uneasily and began to smoke; then took out his cigar and knocked off the ashes.

"I don't want to think so."

"But there is a chance!" Reel insisted.

"Well, there's no telling what might happen, you know. Glaze says that some of those Cranford guys are fiends on skates."

"They are!" Reel agreed. "I know them."

"But I'm not going to believe that they can beat my team if I lead it. That was the trouble—I wasn't there that other time. I'll be with the team this time."

"And yet you admitted to me that, since you got that whack over the head with a club in the hands of Ben Birkett, you've not been just yourself."

Kid's face went red as fire.

"There's another one of your Cranford fellows!" he cried, with an oath. "Is everything up there treacherous? He was as treacherous a brute as ever walked on two legs. He made me think he was my friend; and then, simply because I wouldn't loan him money, he laid for me with a club."

He glared at Reel, as much as to ask if this new acquaintance from Cranford was likely to be the same kind.

"I'm afraid I don't think much of Cranford," he added; "nor of any fellow that hails from there."

Though Reel knew this was aimed at him, he did not change a line of his countenance, but smoked placidly.

"I don't blame you," he said. "That was enough to make any one sore."

Kid tried to laugh, and touched the wound on his head, from which he had so recently removed the bandages.

"Sore? I guess I know what it is to be sore—on top of my head! That lick was enough to knock out an ox. It knocked me out, all right. I'm shaky yet, when I think how I felt and how sick I was afterward."

"He got away?" Reel inquired calmly.

"Well, you haven't seen him in Seagirt, have you? If he ever comes back here, I'll kill him!"

"I don't blame you for being sore on him," said Reel. "That fellow never was any good. He's a low-down skunk, and always was. But this other matter—about Jack Lightfoot."

"Yes," said Kid, quieting down again; "how are you going to help me? You haven't any way of guaranteeing that we can win that hockey game?"

"I think so."

"I don't believe it. You'll not be on my team."

"No, but I'll help you. I can show you how you can win the game."

"I don't believe it."

"You're willing for me to show you?"

"Certainly, if you can."

"You've heard of hypnotism?"

"Sure."

"Well, I'm a hypnotist. Oh, don't stare at me that way; I mean it."

"Go on, then," said Kid, still staring. "I'll believe it when I see it."

"Now, if you know anything about hypnotism, you know that the fellow hypnotized can be made to do anything the hypnotizer wants him to do."

"Yes, I've heard that," said Kid doubtfully, beginning to smoke again.

"That's the fact—he can be made to do anything the hypnotizer tells him to; and the queer part of it is that when he comes out of it afterward he won't know what he has done, nor have any remembrance even that he has been hypnotized. He won't be willing to believe the things which are told him of what he did. That sounds queer, doesn't it?"

"Thundering queer!" said Kid. "But I've heard that."

"Well, now, if I could hypnotize Jack Lightfoot just before the game is called, I could so fix him that he would lose it, no matter how good his team played."

Kid struck the table with his hand.

"Great!" he cried. "If it could be done."

"It can be done."

"You can do that?"

"I can."

"Then you've my permission to go ahead. Oh, say,



that would be the greatest ever! And wouldn't his team be fighting mad if he made some queer break that lost the game? They'd want to go back on him forever."

"Just so," said Reel, smiling through the smoke that curled from his lips. "It's the greatest scheme that was ever thought of."

"I agree with you. But can you work it?"

"I can."

"How?"

"Have a drink," said Reel, "and we'll talk it over. This talking is mighty dry work for me."

"For me, too," added Kid, his eyes growing thirsty.

He drew his hand across his mouth, as Reel got up and went to a table, and took from the drawer a small, flat bottle and some small glasses, and brought these over to where Kid was sitting.

"Genuine old rye," said Reel, as he set the bottle down. "If you're a judge of such stuff, you'll say it's the best ever. I like a drink now and then, but I fight shy of the stuff sold over the average bar."

He turned out some of the whisky into the glasses, and then, taking his glass, held it up to the light.

Kid lifted his, his face shining.

"Your health," said Reel, "and here's to the confusion and destruction of Jack Lightfoot! We can down him if we pull together."

The glasses clinked, and the contents disappeared down the throats of the conspirators.

A red flush came instantly into Kid's cheeks and there was a marked brightening of his dark eyes. He laughed nervously.

"Hot old stuff!" he said, taking up his cigar again. "It burns my throat without a chaser of cold water."

"What's the use of mixing it?" Reel urged, with a smile.

There was water in the room, but he did not get it nor point it out.

Instead, after he had talked a little while, glancing now and then at the increasing red in Kid Kennedy's face, he took from his pocket a small, shining disk of a wheel, which was fixed to the end of a little rod.

He held this up and set the wheel to whirling.

"Did you ever see anything like that?" he asked smoothly.

"I never did. What is it?"

Reel made the little disk spin round faster, until it was a shining speck of brightness.

"You'll laugh, probably, when I tell you that this is a little contrivance by which some hypnotists work the fellow they want to get into their power. If I can get Jack Lightfoot alone a little while, and spin that before his eyes, and get him to look at it, I've got him fixed; he can't get away from me."

Kid leaned over and took the disk and rod in his hands, and examined them curiously.

"Where did you get it?"

"In India."

"So? You learned this trick over there?"

"I learned it from my father."

"He's a hypnotist, too?"

"The greatest in the world, in my opinion. My skill is like that of a baby, compared with his."

"So?"

He was still intently examining the disk and rod.

He passed it back.

"Well, then what do you do?"

"I get him to look at it, and I say certain words—say them over and over. By and by he is in a condition to do whatever I want him to."

"And he doesn't know it?"

"Not a thing."

"Yet goes on and does the things you've laid out for him to do, just as if he was all right; nobody else knows that anything is the matter with him?"

"If the trick is worked successfully, yes."

"Well, I'll be—jiggered!"

He stared at the whirling disk.

"And you just set that to going and tell certain things over to him."

He shook his head and tried to laugh.

"I don't think I want you to say those things over to me! I'm feeling queer already. It's that whisky makes me feel so. Hot as fire, wasn't it?"

"Getting scared, are you, before you're touched?" said Reel, with a smile. "You needn't be. I'm not going to try it on you; but simply explain how it's done, so that you'll understand what I'm up to, and will be ready to believe and to help me."

"It's *you* that's going to help *me*!"

"Yes, I know that; but you've got to understand what Professor Chubb would probably call the *modus operandi*."

The little wheel glittered, as it spun like a diamond speck of light, and Kid stared at it curiously.

Reel continued to talk on as he had talked before.

Kid Kennedy's eyes became brighter, and then staring, as he watched that bright wheel; then their gaze became fixed and rigid.

Reel smiled craftily and, leaning over, passed his hand a few times in front of Kid's rigid face.

"Kennedy!" he said.

Kid continued to stare.

Reel made a few more passes over Kid's face.

"You're not to remember anything about this," he said, in a low, tense tone.

Kid shivered in his chair, but that rigid gaze did not relax.

"You're not to remember anything about it. And now I want to tell you about Lightfoot. You hear me?"



"Yes," said Kid, in a hollow voice.

The smile on Reel's face took on something of deadly malignity.

"It is this," he whispered, putting his lips close to Kid's ear. "Jack Lightfoot is your deadly enemy! You must kill him! When you meet him in that hockey game you must drown him in the lake!"

He stopped and looked into Kid's staring eyes. Kid's face was growing pale, with a deathly sort of pallor.

"Yes," he said.

"You understand that?"

"Yes."

"You will drown him in the lake when you meet him in that hockey game?"

"Yes."

Reel leaned back and passed a hand across his own face and eyes, as if to smooth out that deadly look or wipe it away.

He set the disk to spinning again on its handle.

Then he spoke to Kid, in a different and sharper key, and snapped his fingers.

Kid started, sat up straighter, and stared in a different way, with his eyes wider open; and then seemed to recognize where he was. He saw Reel's laughing face.

"By gracious, if I don't believe I fell asleep right while you was talking to me!" he declared, in confusion.

Reel laughed aloud.

"You would have gone to sleep if I hadn't almost shouted to you. I didn't notice you were sleepy until I saw you droop your head. It must have been that whisky."

"Or that thing you was whirling," said Kid; yet his tone was not suspicious.

Reel laughed again, and looked at the whirling disk.

"It makes a fellow sleepy just to look at it," he said; "and that's why it's an advantage to have it when you want to hypnotize any one."

"Oh, yes," said Kid, his memory gripping again at the point where it had left off. "You was telling me how you intended to hypnotize Jack Lightfoot with that. Go ahead."

He fumbled for his cigar, which had dropped to the table, and thrust it into his mouth.

A sharp cry followed, and he threw the cigar angrily on the floor, for it was still lighted, and he had set the fiery end in his mouth.

Reel laughed heartily now.

Kid swore volubly.

"I think I burned my tongue," he exclaimed fiercely. "That was a fool trick! But it waked me up, you bet!"

But, a little later, he claimed that he was sleepy again; and Reel suggested that, as it was getting so late, they should go to bed.

"Late hours ain't very good for a fellow who expects to keep up in athletics," he remarked sagely. "I'm as

much interested as you are in having you in good form when you play that hockey match."

"Oh, we'll do those scrubs, all right!" Kid declared, with a growl like that of a bulldog.

His mood seemed to have changed, and to have become fierce and angry.

"And that Jack Lightfoot—if he comes fooling round me, or plays smart——"

"What?" said Reel, hiding his smile behind his cigar smoke.

Kid mouthed another oath.

"Why, I'll kill him!" he cried savagely.

Ten minutes later, he was in bed and sleeping heavily.

Reel still sat up, looking now and then at the smoke that rose from his cigar, and now and then at the glowing red on the fire end.

"And he'll do it!" he said to himself. "If he doesn't kill Jack Lightfoot, I miss my guess. And who can know that I had any hand in it? Nobody."

## CHAPTER VII

### DOWN BY THE LAKE.

Kid Kennedy was in an exasperating and truculent mood the next morning, when he took his way from the hotel toward the academy. He felt as if he wanted to kill some one, and particularly Jack Lightfoot.

He did not stop to ask himself why he felt so—he never thought of that. He knew that he experienced toward Jack an intensity of hate he had never felt for any one else.

He and Reel Snodgrass had talked it all over that morning, and Reel had made him see more clearly than ever that the coming of Jack Lightfoot to Seagirt meant Kid's undoing.

Already, as Reel pointed out and as Kid acknowledged, Jack had whipped him in a fair stand-up fight, and before a host of Kid's friends; and later, when Kid was not able to go on the ice, Jack had collected a scrub team and with it had defeated Kid's crack hockey team—the team that had gone with success three times that winter against the only other team in that section that was supposed to be anywhere near their equal, the team of the Morningside Preparatory School.

Worse than that—if anything could be worse—when Kid and his crowd had tried to haze Jack and give him to understand once for all that he was but an angleworm, with only the privilege of crawling before his betters, Jack had been able to turn the tables on them so effectively that the whole thing had not only become the cause of much hilarity at the academy, but had got out into the town and into the Seagirt papers.

Reel had recalled these things to Kid very cleverly. He had, as it were, rubbed the wounds with salt and turpentine until they stung unbearably. And he made



Kid see that, if Jack's triumphant progress was not stayed Jack would pretty soon dominate the academy, and that even Kid's friends would be willing to relegate their old leader to the rear and take up with this new man.

So Kid was fuming and was very uncomfortable; but he had not the slightest notion that Reel Snodgrass was using him merely to pull his own chestnuts out of the fire, as the monkey used the cat in the fable; and that if any claws were burned in what followed, the claws would be Kid's, and not Reel's.

Kid went by way of the lake.

The hour was still early, and he intended to stop at the lake awhile and then go on to the academy grounds with such of the fellows as came down there. It could be made to seem that he had gone to the lake from the academy, and was merely returning.

But before Kid reached the lake he met Jack Lightfoot, who chanced to be alone, and was walking along, with skates on his arm, as if hurrying to the ice.

Jack was an early riser, and generally took some form of exercise early in the morning. This time he intended to do a little skating.

He was working hard at his new studies, and he had been up late the night before, and thought that the clear, cold air of the morning would blow the fogs out of his brain, and that a little exercise on the ice would be better than lying late in bed, "pounding his ear," as many of the boys inelegantly called sleeping.

Kid stopped when he saw Jack. His neck veins swelled angrily, his face purpled, and bloody streaks seemed to come into the whites of his dark eyes.

Jack was the fellow who had been in his thoughts, and here he was before him.

Jack observed Kid, also, and thought of the occurrences of the night, but he did not want to meet him, and so walked on.

Then Kid came running toward him, like an angry bulldog at another dog.

"Here!" he shouted.

Jack stopped.

"Well?" he asked

"What was you follerin' me for last night?" Kid demanded angrily, his voice shaking.

Jack's fine face flushed slightly.

The contrast between Jack and Kid was marked. Without particularly trying to be a gentleman, Jack was always one, and naturally so. He looked trim and clean that morning, his form erect, his cheeks flushed slightly by the cold air, his eyes bright and clear. His clothing set neatly. He was clean and strong and good to look at.

Kid was taller, and apparently stronger, with long arms and big shoulders. He looked as if able to "eat up" the boy he had stopped.

"Was I following you?" Jack asked mildly, but with a quick flash in his blue-gray eyes.

"You know you was!"

"Just where?"

"Just where!" Kid howled. "You know! You was at that club last night, when it was raided, and made a break with the rest of us. And you follered me there! I want to know what you did it for?"

Jack was surprised, but contrived not to show it. He had been felicitating himself that the disguise was so good that no one could have recognized him.

"I think you'll have to explain further," he said, temporizing.

He shifted his skates to his left hand, ready to drop them to the ground if Kid attacked him; and an attack was what he now expected.

"You played the sneak and follered me!" growled Kid, coming closer. "That was the dirty trick of a dirty pup!"

He thrust out his big fist and pushed it under Jack's nose in a particularly tantalizing manner.

"Take that filthy paw out of my face!" said Jack angrily, and he knocked it aside.

Kid leaped and struck at him then, with the quickness and strength of the kick of a mule.

Jack dropped his skates to the snow and knocked the blow aside, leaping back as he did so and putting himself on the defensive.

With a howl of anger and astonishment, Kid jumped at him again.

As he did so, he ran heavily into what seemed to be a knob of iron. It was but Jack Lightfoot's hard fist, at the end of a strong young arm which had swung it upward with terrific force. The blow caught Kid on the side of the face, battering the jaw and the nose, almost knocking the big fellow down.

Jack's rather fair face had gone red as fire, and his eyes had taken on a fighting look.

Kid gathered himself together with a loud curse, and in bewilderment, seeing blood drip to the snow from his nose; and then, with a howl, he was about to again launch himself at Jack.

"Stand off!" Jack warned, but he did not retreat.

A scream came as Kid now hurled himself at Jack. The scream did not come from Kid, but was in the startled voice of a girl; and Kitty Percival came running wildly on the scene.

Her skates were swinging, and, her hat having tumbled off in her quick run, her hair flew free in the wind.

But Jack's fist was again in motion, and again he struck Kid, making more blood fly and hurling him backward.

Kitty Percival stopped, with another scream.

Jack looked at her, his face turning pale.



Kitty Percival was a girl whose good opinion he coveted.

Before Jack's appearance at Seagirt, Kitty, so Kid had claimed, at least, was Kid's "best girl."

Jack had done her a great kindness, which was no less than a daring rescue, at the risk of his own life, and she had since been very kind to him, in return; a thing which Kid had not liked, but which, so far, he had not been able to prevent.

Kid staggered and pulled himself together again. Blood had fallen on his shirt and was running down into his mouth, making him a sight and a fright.

"Mr. Lightfoot," said the girl, stiffening before him, "I—I am ashamed of you!"

Her words were choking and tearful, with a sharp touch of anger in them, and there was anger and astonishment in her face.

Jack's face became white.

"I have a right to defend myself!" he said, and he knew that he trembled. "He stopped me here and attacked me."

"It's a lie!" Kid blurted, coming again toward Jack, at the same time pulling out his handkerchief and wiping the blood from his lips.

Jack had a hard struggle to keep from jumping at Kid and striking him again. Kid lifted one arm, as if to ward off a blow.

"Don't hit me!" he said.

"Bah!" cried Jack. "You're a liar yourself, when you say that I lied. If you don't want me to strike you again, just keep away from me."

He turned to the girl.

"I struck him because he stopped me here and attacked me. I haven't any wish to continue the quarrel, and I won't if he keeps away from me."

His voice still trembled.

"He struck me first!" said Kid.

Jack picked up his skates.

Kitty Percival was hesitating, apparently not able to decide what to do or say. She had rushed on the scene in girlish impulsiveness, without clearly understanding the situation, but seeing the two young fellows were fighting and feeling that it was a shame.

Jack was angry; he felt that he had been humiliated and put in the wrong when he was sure he was in the right.

With his skates in his hands, he turned away, walking along the edge of the ice.

"Mr. Lightfoot!"

Jack affected not to hear her call, for the words were spoken in a low tone. He walked on. He was still angry—angry against Kid Kennedy, against Kitty Percival, and against himself.

"Oh, well!" came her words, in an explosive way, showing now that she, too, was angry.

That made Jack's anger rankle like a hurt. He was sure that Kitty had not understood the situation.

"Perhaps she thinks I was fighting Kid about *her*?" he said to himself.

Though he did not intend to look back, he turned about finally, and then saw Kid and Kitty walking away together.

"That's all right, too!" was his thought. "If she likes that fellow, I don't know that it's any of my business."

Yet the thing hurt him more than he was willing to confess even to himself.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### GETTING TOGETHER.

The talk Jack had with the newer students bore fruit in a gathering in the gymnasium that evening, when they came together to consider the matter further.

There was a large side room, off the main gymnasium, which could be used for meetings of this kind, and here the talk was held, with some students outside on guard, to give notice of the approach of any upper classmen.

Jack again expressed his mind freely, saying that, if the new men didn't wish to be trodden down by the crowd that followed at the heels of Kid Kennedy, they would have to organize and stand by each other through thick and thin, dropping their own petty jealousies and disputes in thus presenting a united front to the common enemy.

The time that had elapsed since Jack's first talk, in the hotel room down-town, had given the newer students an opportunity to digest his remarks, and now they were ready to agree that he was right.

As he had made the suggestion and championed it, it was now but natural that they should look to him to lead them; and they, therefore, chose him unanimously as their president, installing Tom Lightfoot as their secretary and treasurer at the same time.

"We have already organized our hockey team," said Jack; and he wrote out the names of the young fellows composing it:

"Lafe Lampton, goal; Joe Jucklin, point; Magoun Tempest, cover-point; and, for forwards, Tom Lightfoot, Jubal Marlin, Jack Lightfoot, and Lee Willis."

He passed the paper over to the secretary.

"I have already suggested," he said, "that Magoun Tempest be made captain of the team; and I still think the suggestion would be a wise one."

Joe Jucklin undoubted his long length of limb and named Jack himself for that position; and Jack saw Tempest give Jucklin a black look.

"I must decline the honor," said Jack, smiling, "and shall vote for Tempest."



He wanted to conciliate Tempest, who was a turbulent fellow and worth more as a friend than as a foe, which he might become if not handled gingerly.

So Magoun Tempest was selected for captain of the hockey team.

"I think that is as far as we can go to-night," Jack advised; "as far as we ought to try to go, at least. We will want to organize a baseball nine and teams of other kinds, as I have already said; but until we've had some practise work it won't be easy to tell what men we ought to choose for the positions."

"When are we going to begin this baseball practise?" asked Tempest.

"We can begin to-morrow, if you like. There's a cage here, where we can do all the practise work we want; and the sooner we begin to try out our men the better."

Some of the upper classmen had come to the door outside, and they heard them wrangling with the guards on duty there.

"We're through," said Jack, with a meaning laugh. "If they hoped to hear anything, they're now too late. A motion to adjourn is in order, I think."

The motion to adjourn was made and carried; and Jack went out into the gymnasium, to find Kid Kennedy and some others of the troublesome crowd that obeyed him trying to force their way into the room.

"Oh, we've just been talking about that ice-hockey game," said Jack, looking with an irritating smile into the red face of Kid Kennedy. "We've been planning how to beat you fellows."

"You'll never do it!" Kid snapped.

"We did once," cried Tempest.

"And we think, suh," added Jucklin, "that we're the boys that can do it again!"

"Go take another think!" said Kid, with a black look. "I'm goin' to lead that team when it goes on the ice again."

Jack's followers laughed, and Kid stared in angry surprise. It was the first time any of them had dared to raise a laugh at his expense. His face colored to a brick-dust red and his black eyes glared.

"That's all right," he said, his voice trembling. "But you'll be laughing out of the other sides of your mouths before we're through with you."

"Oh, will we?" sang out Lee Willis.

Kid looked as if he wanted to jump on Lee right then and there.

"There's a thumping coming to you!" he cried; "and it will be a good one when you get it!"

Lee Willis paled slightly; he was in training with Jack, hoping to get in condition to meet this big bruiser successfully.

"That's all right, too!" he answered nervously. "I think I'll be ready for you by the time you're ready."

"Oh, you do?" cried Kid, stepping toward him. "Say

that again, and I'll ram my hand down your throat and stir up your innards with it—see?" Oh, you think you'll be ready for me when I'm ready! Well, I'm ready right now!"

Jack pushed forward.

"Not yet!" he said, catching Willis by the shoulder.

Willis drew away angrily, shaking off Jack's hand.

"Do I have to stand his insults?"

"So it's you that's chipping in ag'in " snarled Kid, eying Jack hungrily. "Better keep out of my affairs."

Some of Kid's friends were closing round him, and it began to look as if a fight in the gymnasium was in prospect. But Jack knew enough not to fight there. It would get him and his friends in bad odor with the faculty, and they might be overpowered and badly whipped in the bargain.

"I'm making it my affair," he said to Kid, nevertheless. "We fellows don't intend to be ordered round by a lot of freshies like you any longer."

Jack wanted the new men who had gathered back of him to hear that, for he hoped it would stiffen their backs and let them see even more clearly that only in standing together could they hope for security from insult and molestation.

"Well, I'll settle with you!" Kid threatened.

"Any time, but not here in the gym," said Jack, and he began to walk toward the door, with his friends keeping close to him and Kid and his crowd following.

"Fight him outside!" he heard one of Kid's friends say; and he half expected to be jumped on as soon as he had passed out.

But Kid did not follow him, though he hurled after him some coarse epithets from the doorway. Nor did the hostile crowd follow far. They waited for Kid to make the first movement.

And Kid, though he bellowed so heavily and threatened like a pirate, had yet learned to respect the fighting power of Jack's fists, and so was content to froth his rage from the doorway, without following it up and precipitating a fight in the gymnasium yard.

"Are we going to be driven out of the gym?" said Tempest, with angry emphasis.

"Certainly not," said Jack. "We didn't care to have a fight in there, and we came out of our own free will."

"It looks thundering like we were driven out!"

Now, Jack knew that, though Tempest was fiery and pugnacious even, he had heretofore succumbed to the pressure of the upper classmen, and had stopped resisting, except with his mouth. It would have been hard to stop Magoun's mouth, though Kid had once threatened to do so by sticking his foot into it. Hence it was a pleasure to Jack to discover that Magoun was getting his fighting spirit back, and was ready for resistance, with some one to lead him. Jack intended to



lead him, and all of them, in good time. This was not the time.

So he said as much to Tempest and the others, drawing them off with him farther into the yard, out of earshot of the upper classmen, who now crowded the gymnasium itself.

"We don't want to get into a fight to-night," he urged. "It would reach the faculty, for one thing, and we'd be blamed, likely. In the second place, they're too many for us just now. And, in the third place, if we're to be in condition for that hockey match, we don't want to run the risk of being battered up and perhaps put out of business."

"Some of them would get battered up, too!" said Willis, who was as sore over that retreat from the gym as was Tempest.

"Kid's pretty well battered up already," said Jack, willing to turn the course of the talk.

"He needs some one else to crack him over the head with a club!" cried Tempest. "I think I'd be glad to do it."

"We'll fight them, and fight them fair," said Jack, "and before we're through with it we'll put them in more than one hole."

"If thar's one dirty skunk in this academy, suh, it's Kid Kennedy," said the Tennessean, with hearty dislike. "When that club hit him he didn't git mo' than was coming to him."

"We'll try a little baseball in the cage in the morning," said Jack, cleverly leading them farther from the thoughts of an immediate fight with the upper classmen, which could but have resulted disastrously at that time.

"Then, in the afternoon, we'll do some hockey practise down on the lake. The afternoon after, you know, comes the game. We've got to win that. Stick that in your memories, fellows! The first thing to do, and the thing we must do, is to win that game!"

"We'll try hard enough," said Tom Lightfoot, breaking his usual quiet.

And so said they all.

Jack was satisfied.

He had made a good beginning. The first thing to do was to unite and consolidate these fellows, and get them to drop their personal quarrels, and so be in shape to present a strong front to the encroachments and even cruelties of the upper classmen.

Once united, and then trained and drilled properly, there was no telling what might not be accomplished.

Jack would not let himself become too sanguine. He knew he was opening up a big fight, whose end he could not foresee. The upper classmen would not lay down tamely and submit. They would fight to hold the under classmen in subjection, and they would fight hard.

"I'm in it," said Jack to himself, "and I'll see the thing through to the end. Fortunately, I've got some

good, reliable Cranford fellows to back me. Without them, I'm afraid I couldn't do anything."

And Jack had a right to feel that he could depend to the limit on the boys from Cranford—on reliable Lafe, Tom Lightfoot, and Jubal Marlin. They would stand by him to the finish.

## CHAPTER IX.

### PREPARATIONS.

The next morning, in the large "cage," as it was called, at one end of the gymnasium, Jack began to see what these fellows could do in the way of handling a baseball.

This cage was a long, covered wire enclosure, within the limits of the gym itself; so that it was heated, and no ice or snow could get in. Jubal called it a "chicken yard," and it resembled one not a little. The wire screens kept the ball from going out of bounds. The worst feature was that the space was contracted. Yet throwing and pitching could be done, and catching, as well as batting, and there could be some running, on a small scale, with not much chance to show what could be done in field work.

But, taken altogether, it was a mighty good place to practise in when the land was still snow and ice-bound, and out-of-door practise not to be thought of.

In the afternoon Jack took the hockey team down to the lake, and some ice-hockey practise of a quick and sharp kind followed.

About all the newer students came down to watch this practise, together with some of the sneering upper classmen. Whether they really felt like sneering when they saw the good work that Jack and his scrub team were capable of is another question. They took pains to make audible remarks of a kind that were not pleasant.

More than once Jack saw Magoun Tempest's dark face flush to a deep red; and once he thought Tempest was about to hurl his hockey stick at one of the sneering young fellows.

"That's all right," said Jack, in warning to Tempest. "Let them have their say. If we play to-morrow as we ought to, they'll have something else to talk about."

The fact that some one had been found who had nerve and daring enough to try to cement the newer students into a stand against the hazing tactics of the upper classmen was already having its effect on the spirits of those newer students. They were coming to recognize Jack as their leader.

As for the upper classmen, the thing drew them, also, more closely together, so that there was a hardening of the division lines between the upper and the lower elements.

The talk of the coming hockey match between the regular team and the scrubs spread through the academy,



and the fact that, in a previous game, the scrubs had won tended to make this interest more acute.

The belief was that, in the former match, the defeat of the regular team had come through surprise, and because Kid Kennedy had not been able to lead them; yet Jack discovered that some of the upper classmen were nervous.

"What was the sense of Kid going into this thing?" he chanced to overhear one of them say to another.

"Well, you see, when the scrubs defeated——"

"But he didn't need to be dragged into another game! He might be defeated again, you know."

Jack hoped this spirit of doubt would spread, for it was demoralizing. If the regular team was afraid they might be defeated, so much the better for the chances of the scrubs. A nervous and fearful team is never a safe and sure one.

That afternoon Jack overheard another bit of talk, which was puzzling rather than enlightening.

"I don't know what's getting into Kid," said the first voice, which Jack recognized as belonging to Julian Glaze, one of Kid Kennedy's warmest admirers.

"In what way?" came the answer.

"Well, I was up in his room just now, and he acted queer. He kept staring at the wall most of the time, and muttering to himself. Do you think that knock he got on the coco could have put him off his nut?"

"What was he saying?"

"Well, when he said anything that I could understand, it was something about this new fellow, Jack Lightfoot. Once he said he intended to kill him."

"I don't doubt he feels like it," came the answer, with a low laugh.

"But he said it more than once."

"He's pretty hot against Jack, I guess. I don't blame him."

"Well, aren't you?" Glaze asked.

"Yes, of course."

"See what he's doing! But I know, from the way Kid was glaring at the wall and grinding his teeth up there, that he intends to do him up one of these days."

"I hope he does, and the quicker the better!"

"Before he gets any more hold on these other chaps."

"Yes. He's going to make a lot of trouble. We'll have to——"

Jack had been standing by a window, at the end of a long hall, in the regular academy building. They did not see him, as they came toward him, and did not know any one was there, so that it was comical to notice how the sentence broke in the middle and dropped, as they now came face to face with Jack.

Jubal Glaze and the fellow with him, who was Pepper Brown, the Californian, stared and flushed.

Jack beamed on them, as if they were his best friends.

"I overheard that," he said, knowing that concealment of the fact would do him no good. "I found it

mighty interesting. I wish you'd finish that sentence for my benefit."

"What did you hear?" snarled Glaze.

"That you're expecting me to make a lot of trouble and that you'll have to—— You stopped there; go on and finish it."

He stood before them, his hands thrust into his trousers pockets, his legs spread apart, a smile on his face.

"We weren't talking about you."

"Oh, you weren't?"

"Of course not," chimed in Pepper Brown.

"Then there's another fellow in this academy whose name is Jack Lightfoot. I didn't know that."

He laughed at them.

"If you heard anything, it only proves the old saying that eavesdroppers never hear any good of themselves," said Glaze now, seeing that denial was useless.

"I wasn't eavesdropping. You must learn not to talk so loud when you go whispering through these halls. Walls have ears, you know."

He stood out of the way now to let them pass on.

"Tell your friend Kid that whenever he gets ready to kill me to send me word, so that I can get ready for the thing. I heard that, too, you know."

"You heard more than any one said, then," Glaze declared.

"Oh, did I? I heard that, all right. Tell your friend Kid Kennedy, who you say is staring and mumbling up in his room, and threatening to kill me, that forewarned is forearmed; and that, now that two of his friends—you and Pepper—have warned me, I'll be watching for the moment when he begins that work."

"You're too fresh!" said Glaze angrily.

"You'll get your thumping, don't you forget it!" Pepper threatened; and then they walked on, with quickened steps—up to that time they had been strolling leisurely—and soon were out of sight at a bend in the hall.

Jack laughed silently as he turned in the other direction.

Then he began to wonder what Glaze had meant by saying he feared Kid was "off his nut," and he began to ask himself if that blow delivered by Ben Birkett, when Birkett smashed Kid's head with a heavy club, was really affecting Kid's mind.

He did not think, at the moment, of Reel Snodgrass and his devilish cunning, with which, in the past, Jack had become familiar.

## CHAPTER X.

### BEFORE THE GAME.

The next forenoon there was no baseball business in the cage; but, instead, some more hockey practise down on the lake.

More of the upper classmen, and all the lower classmen, were there to see that practise, for it helped them



to make up their minds as to the chances of the game of the afternoon.

The quick, sharp work Jack was able to get out of his men, although he was not the captain, was somewhat of a surprise to such of the upper classmen as had not seen them on the hockey field before.

It had the further effect, too, of encouraging all the lower classmen, and particularly the members of the hockey team.

There was snap and go, ginger, pepper, and tabasco sauce in this practise play, that promised well if it could be continued on into the game of the afternoon.

Some girls were on the ice, watching the work, and among them Jack noticed Kitty Percival.

She stood alone, and several times Jack observed her looking in his direction. He had a feeling that she wanted to speak to him, perhaps to "make up," for what she must by this time have felt to be a slight to this young fellow, who had heroically risked his life in saving her from the wheels of an express train on the high trestle which could be seen plainly from the ice of the lake.

Two or three times, in the intervals of rest, Jack was on the point of walking over to her and speaking, and seeing how she took it.

But a certain pride restrained him.

He had not offended, or, at least, had not meant to offend.

In spite of this, he could not repress a desire to receive from her an encouraging smile. She used to smile and wave her hand to him whenever she saw him. Now, though she looked in his direction, she did nothing of the kind.

It did not make Jack feel any better to see Kid Kennedy join her before the practise work closed and stand talking with her.

Jack missed the puck and made some poor plays just then, which, if the game had been against the regular team, might have lost it.

One can seldom do two things well at once; and no more can a fellow watch a girl in this manner, with his thoughts filled with unpleasant things, and at the same time do himself justice in a game of ice hockey.

Jack realized this, and, with a resolute determination, looked no more for a time, but gave himself up to his work.

When he looked again, at the end of the practise, Kid Kennedy and the girl were walking away together; and then he saw her drop down on the ice, and Kid drop down with her and begin to fasten her skates on her feet.

One of the things Jack had thought to do, when he began to seek out Kitty Percival, was to make Kid Kennedy jealous.

Now he found himself growing jealous. It was strange, and it was as unpleasant as it was strange. He laughed it off, and allowed his thoughts to go out to

Nellie Conner and Kate Strawn, those girl friends tried and true.

Jack was not in a good humor with himself, any more than he was with Kitty and Kid, as he walked up to the academy grounds.

The time for the morning session and the morning lectures and study was at hand; but he did not feel like study, nor like attending the lectures.

Yet Jack had the ability, learned long before, of putting unpleasant things out of his mind and turning with stern sense of duty to the task in hand.

And so he did now. Professors Chubb and Lazenby were particularly pleased with him that day, though, of all days, it was the one in which Jack would have failed in every study if he had not been able to take himself, as it were, by the throat, and so force himself to study and work.

The lectures and the class work were all over by two o'clock; yet, after that, if one expected to keep up, there was much study to be done in one's room; and so much of it that, with the writing of papers and the like, some of the hours of the evening were often consumed.

But Jack put study and thoughts of study behind him, and thoughts of Kitty Percival, as well, when he took his hockey skates and started for the ice.

Out in the yard he was joined by Tom, Lafe, and Jubal, who had been waiting for him; and soon the other members of the scrub team appeared.

Lafe was calmly eating his inevitable apple; Tom was quiet, saying hardly anything; while Jubal was roaring with jokes and good humor, as usual.

"Thar ain't likely to be a fineh aftehnoon faw a thing o' this kind, suh!" said Jucklin, looking at the sky and holding up a finger to test the force of the light wind. "We'll give 'em their money's wuth this afternoon, I'm reckonin'."

"We will!" said Jack grimly.

He had made up his mind to that.

A great crowd was gathering on the lake when they went down.

In the previous game between the scrubs and the regular team, there had been but few spectators; now there was likely to be a "cloud of witnesses."

As in the morning, there were some girls on the ice, and again Jack saw with them Kitty Percival.

His face flushed slightly at sight of her. She had never looked more beautiful, her cheeks glowing and her eyes shining, as she swayed gracefully on her skates. There was a bit of color at her throat and in her hair, and she made him think of a lovely flower.

But when she ignored him, and he saw her wave her hand to Kid Kennedy and her brother Sid, Jack's face and his heart hardened.

"I'm down here for hockey!" he said to himself, with grim earnestness.



And he turned from her, and did not soon look at her again.

Kid Kennedy came on the ice boasting loudly, and some of the fellows with him were also telling the crowd of the wonderful things they now meant to do.

"It isn't well to holler till you're out of the woods," said Jack, speaking to his team, that stood clustered round him.

"Just what I was thinkin', suh!" said Jucklin. "That's an old sayin' of ouwers, up in the Tennessee mountings. And we've got anotheh sayin', over thar, that if a feller does holler when he's still in the woods, it's a sign, suh, that's he's bad scajt."

"Huh! Hear 'em!" said Tempest. "They'll be worse scairt than that, I'm hopin', before the thing's over."

"Them girls is p'intedly ag'ingst us," said Jubal, laughing. "It makes me wish that we had some o' the Cranford girls here to do a little cheerin' fer aour side, and shake aout them little flags like they used to when we make a good play. By jacks, that allus did make me feel good, and, after it, I could play harder'n ever."

"Girls are no good!" said Tempest. "They're too fickle for me. I like somebody I can depend on."

And Jack wondered if, in saying that, Tempest meant to make a personal application of it to Kitty Percival and himself.

Jack was flushing again with the thoughts of Kitty Percival; but once more he put her out of his mind by a resolute force, as Kid Kennedy came toward him.

"Who's referee?" said Kennedy, unable to hide the glint of anger and insolence that blazed in his eyes.

"We've thought of Tom Arbuckle," Jack answered. "He refereed the game before."

"And gave it to you fellows on a scratch! We don't take Arbuckle."

"Name your man, then," said Jack. "We'll see who he is."

Jack had canvassed this thing over with his men, and knew what fellows they would not have to referee this game.

"Bill Stone!" said Kid.

"Nit, we don't!" Jack answered slangily.

"Why not?"

"He's one of your friends and backers."

Kid named three or four more.

"None of them," said Jack determinedly.

Kid frowned.

"Don't you fellows mean to play this game?"

"We certainly do."

"Well, we'll not be able to play it unless you're willing for somebody to be referee."

"Take somebody from the town," said Jack, "or some fellow from the Morningside Prep School. We certainly shall never consent to one of your heelers acting as referee."

"Is that an insult?" Kid demanded, edging nearer.

"If you want to take it that way, you may."

Kid's eyes blazed again, but he did not jump at Jack, as some of those near-by expected him to. Kid had learned one lesson rather well already: that it was not safe to attack Jack Lightfoot openly.

"Name somebody from the town, then," said Kid.

"I'm not well enough acquainted."

Tempest and Jucklin and others reeled off the names of some fellows they saw—some of these being citizens of Seagirt, and others students of Morningside who had come over to witness this novel hockey match.

Kid objected to all of them.

"Now, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Jack.

"Name it!" Kid snapped. "You fellows are trying to sneak out of playing."

"It's this," Jack continued. "As we can't settle it in any other way, we fellows will appoint a committee of three, and you fellows a committee of three, those six to select another person, making the committee seven in number; and we'll let that committee choose the referee. How does that strike you?"

Kid glowered and hesitated. He wanted one of his friends for referee, and meant to force one into that place if he could.

But he saw Jack and his scrub team would never consent to that.

For a little while he seemed disposed to draw out of the game, and try to lay the odium of a refusal to play on Jack; but he saw that wouldn't do, for too many people were standing near, listening to what was being said.

The desire to take Jack Lightfoot by the throat had never been so strong in him; and, under the spell cast on him by Reel, he might even have done so, but for the fact that Reel had commanded him to "drown Jack." He did not remember that, of course, and would never be able to recall it, but it was an influence working deep in his heart without his knowledge.

Once he glanced toward the ice hole, just beyond the space marked out for the hockey game.

The spectators were keeping well away from that hole.

There was a singular thing about that hole, too.

Though it was known that the ice there was not good, was rather weak, for beneath that hole a current raced that made the place about the last to freeze solid on the lake, the hole had not been there the day before.

It had been there in the morning, and Jack and his friends, as well as others, had inspected it. They had seen that it had been broken in; and appearances suggested that some one who was rather heavy had skated into it, and so broken it. Yet it was not known that any one in the school, or in the town, had done so; and Jack had observed some pieces of bark on the ice, near the edges, which seemed to have been scraped from a



bough, suggesting that perhaps a large limb had been used to break the ice there.

Jack had not troubled about it, as it was beyond the danger-line, and was not likely to prove perilous; but he thought about it again now, when he saw Kid Kennedy cast that fiery and malignant glance toward it. He did not want to think that Kid was really wishing he might have the opportunity to souse his sturdy foe in that treacherous ice hole.

Jack had not failed to remember Reel Snodgrass. In fact, he had spent a good deal of serious thought on the fellow, and on the meaning of Reel's conference with Kid Kennedy, if it was a conference, of which he could not be sure.

Reel did not seem to be in the crowd that was gathering to watch the hockey game.

The fact of his confederate's absence was beginning to trouble Kid Kennedy, though Jack could not know that.

Kid recalled readily enough that Reel had said he would hypnotize Jack before the beginning of the game, even though he could not recall the fact that he had himself fallen a victim to Reel's diabolical skill in that line, nor remember that Reel had implanted in him, by what psychologists call hypnotic suggestion, the desire to kill Jack which now burned so fiercely.

That Reel was not there irritated Kid, and he glared about at intervals, looking for him.

Now and then he glanced covertly at Jack, trying to determine from the latter's manner if he had been tampered with in any way by Reel.

He hardly knew what the signs would be if that were so, but he fancied there might be some marked change in Jack's appearance.

He observed nothing of the kind.

"That scoundrel, Snodgrass, has played me for a sucker!" was his thought.

It angered him.

"Another one of those scoundrelly Cranford dogs! You can't trust any one of 'em. Cranford must be a fine old place to stay away from if these muts are specimens!"

He had thought all this before, and was considering it again when the tussle came over the referee.

When Kid did not answer at once Jack repeated his proposition for a committee to select the referee.

Kid offered some objections; but when he saw that this was not meeting approval he submitted, with bad grace indeed.

"Oh, have it your own way!" he said slurringly. "I don't doubt you've got some scheme fixed up by which you can get the man you want."

Jack laughed lightly.

"That is as much as to say that you're not able to trust the honesty of the three men you will pick yourself!"

More and more Kid was falling into a bad temper, and that did not promise good work on the hockey field, where a clear head is an essential.

Finding he could not do anything else and assume any appearance of fairness, Kid chose three men from his own "gang"; and Jack named three, using names furnished him by members of his scrub team.

These six went aside, and, after some wrangling, for Kid's friends were resolved to have the seventh man favorable to them, the referee was chosen.

His name was Tom Bundy, and he was not connected with any school, but was a clerk in an office down-town.

Jack had never seen him, nor heard of him; but Bundy looked to be an honest, bright fellow, and Jack was satisfied.

Kennedy and his friends had not chosen the referee, and that was a thing Kid was determined to do when he came with his friends down to the ice.

Bundy secured a whistle, and, looking at his watch, announced that time was up and the game would begin.

The eager crowd was forced back beyond the lines, keeping away from the dangerous ice hole of its own accord; and then Bundy took the puck, placed it in position, and asked if the teams were ready.

"We are," said Jack, with his men round him.

"Let 'er go!" grunted Kid.

He was disturbed and uneasy.

Reel Snodgrass was not there; and he had failed to secure a referee biased in his favor.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GAME OPENS.

Jubal Marlin, seeing Kitty Percival wave her hand kerchief at her brother Sid, and believing she had waved it at Kid Kennedy, to encourage him, growled to himself, as he and the team went out upon the hockey field, prepared to play the game of their lives.

"If only Kate and Nellie was here!" he grunted inaudibly. "Them's the girls wuth knowing! None o' these shilly-shally, don't-know-yer-own-mind-a-minute kind. An' I half believe Jack's gittin' stuck on this 'un, too. She's purty enough, but there's an old sayin' that 'Purty is as purty does.' She looks good, but she don't wear. By jacks, he's too good fer her; too good fer any o' this crowd o' petticoats raound Seagirt!"

The two teams got in position on the ice, amid a silence of the crowd that was breathless.

There was a good deal of noticeable nervousness among the upper classmen. Many of them did not approve of this game, and had told Kid so when it was too late. They feared the effect of a second defeat at the hands of the scrubs.

Jack looked at the referee; he did not look at Kitty,



nor in her direction. He was resolved to put her out of his mind and go in now with all his might to win.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

REGULARS.	POSITIONS.	SCRUBS.
Miles Long.....	Goal .....	Lafe Lampton
John Lilio (the Kanaka).....	Point .....	Joe Jucklin
Alfalfa Leslie.....	Cover Point.....	Lee Willis
Sid Percival.....	Right Center.....	Jubal Marlin
Fleet Sockbasin (the Penobscot) ..	Right Wing.....	Magoun Tempest
Julian Glaze.....	Left Wing.....	Tom Lightfoot
Jim Bolt (the Canadian).....	Left Center.....	Jack Lightfoot

Magoun Tempest, as captain, chose to start the game.

Kid Kennedy stepped into place for the other side.

With the puck faced between their sticks, they stood, straining breathlessly, waiting for the signal.

It came.

Both struck at the puck; but Kid Kennedy secured it, and drove it toward the goal of the scrubs.

A yell of triumph rose from the throats of the upper classmen.

All the forwards were in motion, driving for the bouncing piece of rubber as it slid along the ice.

Lafe Lampton stood in position at goal, his sky-blue eyes watching warily; and assisting him in guarding the goal was the point and the cover-point, just before him, all in readiness to block the puck when it came their way.

Out of a wild mêlée Jack Lightfoot hooked the puck with his stick and sent it spinning to Tom, who was on-side and in good position to receive it.

Tom was the ever-ready. Catching the puck with his stick, he shoved it along; and then, after dribbling it, and seeing he was about to lose it, he flipped it to Magoun Tempest.

Tempest was skating low and going like the wind, getting in ahead of an opponent; but he caught the puck as it came to him, and then, with a mighty drive, sent it at the flags of the regulars. Desperately did Alfalfa Leslie, and the Kanaka, and Miles Long try to block that terrific drive, as the puck came whizzing through the air; but they failed.

It was a goal!

The newer students lifted their voices in a wild yell.

For an instant their fear of the hectoring upper classmen faded away; they swung their caps and danced and howled on the ice.

Kid Kennedy's face grew a bloody red.

"That was all right!" he grumbled, in a tone that was like the hoarse growl of a bulldog, as he and Tempest again faced the puck in the center of the ice.

"Of course it was all right," said Magoun, with a wicked grin.

"It was an accident," said Kid.

"Oh, was it? Well, we intend to have a few more like it."

Shrill blew the whistle.

Swish—swish!

The two sticks moved together; but again Kid Kennedy had the puck.

He drove it to Sid Percival, and Sid lifted it on to Jim Bolt.

Bolt began to dribble it.

Skates were grinding and whizzing, and the ice-dust was flying.

The spectators were cheering again.

The forwards were all in motion, and the point and cover-point of Jack's team were moving into position to block the drive they expected; while reliable Lafe stood at goal, ready for anything.

But Tom Lightfoot skated in like a whirlwind and fairly plucked the puck away from Bolt; and then Tom drove it to Jack.

Jack sent it, after a sharp rush, for the goal of the regulars.

It was blocked by the Kanaka, and came skipping back, only to be caught by Magoun Tempest.

Magoun dribbled it, and then fell sprawling over a hockey stick; but as it shot on Jubal caught it, sent it to Jack, and Jack again drove it with all the skill and strength he could command.

It was a great drive.

Once more it was a goal—goal for the scrubs!

The newer students howled again, and howled so loudly and hilariously that the upper classmen muttered and looked so wicked that some of the spectators began to anticipate a free fight was coming right there.

"Perhaps *that* was an accident?" sneered Tempest, as he and Kid Kennedy again faced each other in the middle of the field, with the rubber between their sticks.

"*You* didn't drive it!" said Kid, with an ugly sneer.

The whistle screamed.

"Oh, didn't I—this time?"

He had the puck, and had sent it skipping.

Both dashed after it, with the other forwards moving swiftly, and the cheers of the spectators once more ringing.

Jubal Marlin secured it again, but lost it to Fleet Sockbasin; and the half-breed skated with it down the field, dodging cleverly; but he, too, lost it to Tom Lightfoot.

Tom tried to drive it toward goal, but it was plucked away from him by Julian Glaze.

Sockbasin fell sprawling, with Sid Percival on top of him; and then there were cries of "Off-side!" as it went to Leslie and he tried to drive it.

Out of the mix-up Jack hooked the rubber once more and shot it to Tom; and, before the regulars could get their wits together, Tom drove for goal.

But big Miles Long was doing duty just at that moment, and he sent it back.



The battle raged again in the center of the field, then at one side, and anon over on the other, skaters whizzing and flashing here and there and striking at the elusive rubber.

Then—

Sid Percival drove the puck past the scrubs' cover-point and point, and between the thick legs of Lafe Lampton, and landed it in safety.

It was a goal for the regulars!

Now was the time for the upper classmen to howl; which they did, roaring out their delight in wild yells.

Jubal, casting a glance out into the midst of the spectators, saw Kitty Percival waving her handkerchief frantically, and growled way down in his throat, like an angry water-spaniel.

"I guess you drove that goal, too!" sneered Kid, as he and Tempest met again to face the puck.

"Nit!" said Tempest, with a tantalizing grin; "but we're going to drive this one!"

He failed to start it right, though, for he lost the puck to Kid when the whistle sounded; and Kid went swinging with it, catching it after driving it.

He lost it to Jubal; and Jubal, trying to run with it, lost it to Glaze.

It came bouncing back under the propulsion of Glaze's stick.

Tom Lightfoot struck it and drove it to one side.

Jubal jumped in again and sent it on.

And then Jack Lightfoot caught it, and, finding an opening, sent it flying toward goal.

"Goal!" yelled Jubal, for he believed that the puck was going home.

But—

The whistle sounded while the puck was in the air.

And, though it went between the flags, the time limit of the first half had expired, and the referee refused to give that goal to the scrubs.

Jubal and some of the others wanted to "kick."

"The decision is fair," said Jack. "Think, if it had been driven by the other side and the whistle had blown before the puck was between the flags, what a high old row you fellows would make if Kid's side wanted to count it. And, besides," he added, "we're ahead, and can afford to lose that goal."

"Two to one, in the first half, ain't so bad," said Tempest, with a grin.

The boys were walking off the ice, or dropping down to rest.

The spectators were squirming with excitement.

Some of the newer students who sided with Jack were cheering.

Kid and his following were looking particularly sick, though they tried to get comfort out of the fact that the goal Jack had driven had not been allowed him.

Kid had a fierce, angry look; his eyes were blood-shot, and his face was red.

"Oh, don't butt in!" he snapped, when some of the upper classmen came round him, giving him advice. "I'm playing this game."

"And you're losing it," was the objection. "You and your team have got to take a brace."

"Don't talk to me!" snarled Kid.

And he flung himself down, too mad to be civil even to his friends.

## CHAPTER XII.

### THE GAME GOES ON.

Kid glared round, as he lay panting on the cold ice.

It was not a place for any one to lie when heated as he was, but Kid took small count of that, being reckless even when he was not angry.

He was looking for Reel Snodgrass, who had apparently chosen to remain at his hotel while this fierce battle was being fought out on the lake.

Reel was a wary dog, and he did not intend to have it said, or even hinted, by any one that he had a hand in the tragedy he fully expected to occur. If Jack Lightfoot lost his life that day Reel was making it certain that he could not be charged with it.

So Reel sat in his room at the hotel, smoking nervously, glancing now and then at his watch, and wondering how things were going at the hockey game, since the time for the game to begin was past.

Reel was pale. Now and then he got up and went to the window and looked down into the street, though he hardly expected any news yet.

He wondered if one of the papers would get out an extra announcing the "accident" on the ice soon after it happened.

If he had dared he would have walked down toward the lake, or would have stationed a messenger there to get news to him without delay; but this was too hazardous.

Hence he sat fuming, nervous, and unhappy, yet trying to make himself believe that he would be delighted when Jack Lightfoot was out of the way.

He thought of his father, and of things in Cranford, and fed his hate with these recollections.

And down on the ice Kid Kennedy was grunting and snorting to himself because Reel had not appeared.

"Likely he's another Cranford sneak—all these Cranford fellows are rotten!" Kid was telling himself.

Then he thought of the game, and how in the first half it had gone against him. It was a bitter reflection.

"I never played in such luck!" he grunted. "Never! If the game's lost the fellows will be howling round that it was my fault, too. It won't be my fault, for I'll play my best from this on. I've been doing that; yet somehow



my head feels funny. I'll bet it was that infernal whisky that fellow doped me with at the hotel that night—I'll bet it was that! That, and that crack Ben Birkett gave me on the head with a club. There's another Cranford fellow for you—a regular slugger, and a dirty skunk!"

He fairly ground his teeth in his rage.

He saw Jack Lightfoot, who had risen and was talking with his team.

"And there's the worst of the lot!" thought Kid, his rage so great that it choked him. "The meanest and dirtiest of the whole push! And his team is nearly made up with the Cranford bunch. A nice lot they are; they oughtn't to be allowed on the academy campus, and if I had my way they wouldn't. I think I'd like to kill that duffer!"

His hate grew, until his eyes shone bloodshot and his breath felt hot as it panted from his lungs.

"Yes, I'd like to kill him! He's trying to down me, to disgrace me, to ruin me! If he wins this game the academy won't be big enough to hold him. Oh, I'd like to pound his head in!"

He was working himself into a fury, and he swore furiously under his breath.

As he rose, when the time for the beginning of the second half was near at hand, he glanced, as it seemed by chance, at that ice hole.

Reel Snodgrass had slipped down to the lake in the night, and with a stout limb he had found had prodded into the thin ice there, breaking it, and then by degrees had enlarged the hole until it was a most dangerous place.

He had told Kid to "drown" Jack Lightfoot, and he meant to have everything handy, so that when the fit of fury rose high enough in Kid the means whereby he could carry out his murderous impulse would be ready to his hand.

It was not enough to "suggest" the thing; he meant to aid that suggestion, and had tried to do so.

Kid looked at that ice hole with his bloodshot eyes, and the murderous thought leaped full fledged into his mind.

It is only fair to say that in his normal state Kid Kennedy, desperate as he was just then, would never have thought of a thing so cowardly and dastardly.

Just now he was not himself. He felt his head spinning strangely, and he was sick and nervous.

He laid these things to the fact that the game had so far gone against the regulars, in spite of his fierce fight for his team; and to the fact that he was not entirely recovered from the effect of Ben Birkett's deadly blow, and had taken that drink of whisky with Reel in the latter's room.

"I've felt mean and as if I wanted to kill somebody—Jack Lightfoot—ever since I took that drink," was his thought. "And I'll kill him, if he drives me to the wall—if he wins out in this game and makes me the laughing-stock of the academy."

He was mouthing and muttering as his team gathered about him.

Some of them noticed his bloodshot eyes and his furious, nervous manner, and they commented on it, with questions.

"Don't butt in!" he snapped.

"But are you all right, Kid?" asked Sid anxiously.

"My head hurts from that cussed club lick, I reckon. But I'm all right. And now you fellows"—he turned on them, snarling like a mad dog—"get into gear! Are we going to be defeated by this mob of Yahoos? Can't you play hockey? You were all feet and legs, falling over each other; now get into gear and show the stuff that's in you!"

They did not resent words nor manner. They were used to being driven by this big fellow, who dominated them sometimes by his very ferocity.

They "got into gear"; and when the whistle blew and the game opened again, they made a determined fight.

The play started out hot, with Kid in possession of the puck and shooting it to Sid.

Sid's skates were flying. He pushed the puck on with a side swipe to Leslie.

Leslie lost it, stumbling as he did so; and it came to Tom Lightfoot.

Tom dribbled it and shot it toward Jubal; but Sock-basin hooked it away from Jubal, and then sent it to Glaze; and Glaze drove it between the flags, in spite of the efforts of Willis, and Jucklin, and Lampton to stop it.

"A tie!" screamed the upper classmen.

They danced in glee.

But the angry, murderous light did not die out of Kid Kennedy's eyes even at this, which gave him now a hope of victory.

He began to berate his men.

"Now we've got 'em," he cried, "if you fellers show you've got fightin' grit! Git into gear!"

He said much more, not worth repeating. His rage had grown on him and he was taking it out on his team.

Still, they did not rebel. But when the puck was again faced and was once more flying, they sprang into the fight with a fierceness and determination which seemed almost to justify Kid's driving methods.

Sid Percival got the puck away from Tom and sent it to Glaze, and Glaze drove it for the flags.

It passed cover-point and point, and, but for reliable old Lafe, there would have been another goal for the regulars.

Lafe blocked it with his protected legs and sent it flying back.

The fight raged again near the center of the field.

Men fell, hockey sticks cracked against the ice as they smote at the rubber. There was a wild tangle, with yellings of "off-side."



Jack secured the puck and drove it for the flags.

"Goal!" screamed Jubal.

But he was premature.

The puck was blocked, and again came skipping into the middle of the field.

Time was flying.

Though it has taken but a little while to tell of this, it took much longer to play it, and already the second half was nearing its close.

Once more Jack got the puck, receiving it from Tom; and once more he drove it for the flags.

It went home this time!

"Goal!" screeched Jubal.

This time Jubal was right.

It was a goal for the scrubs.

The whistle blew, and the game was at an end; and once more the scrubs were the victors.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### JACK LIGHTFOOT'S PERIL.

The lower classmen were jubilating wildly.

Jack had stopped, after driving that goal close down to the flags; and the goal at that end was out toward that wicked-looking ice hole.

Jack was about to pick up the puck, which lay on the ice at his feet; when Kid Kennedy, with an oath, struck it away from him with his hockey stick.

Jack skated after the puck, as much to get away from Kid as anything else.

He had no desire to quarrel with Kid; in fact, felt peculiarly lenient toward him just then, in that moment of victory. He could afford to smile at Kid's foolish anger.

But Kid now threw himself at him, skating fiercely, and, striking Jack in the back, hurled him on.

Before Jack could turn, or stop himself, he was near the edge of the ice hole, with Kid coming on like a cyclone.

With a scream of rage the maddened player now seized Jack Lightfoot and plunged with him into the ice hole, apparently willing to go to death if he could take Jack with him.

The horror-stricken crowd stood staring, spellbound, for the thing they witnessed seemed unbelievable.

Then, by a common impulse and with wild cries, they rushed toward the hole, into which Kid and Jack had plunged.

Lafe and Tom were among the first to reach it, and Jubal was close behind them.

Tom threw himself forward to the edge of the hole, and Lafe did the same.

Two heads came up out of the icy waters; and Lafe, catching one, began to lift with all his might, while Tom did the same by the other.

Scarcely a minute elapsed before both Jack and Kid

were out on the ice, Jack gasping, and Kid lying limp and unconscious.

A doctor in the crowd, who had witnessed the whole thing, came forward now and took charge, shouting out orders which were hastily obeyed.

Coats and overcoats began to come off the fellows grouped round, and these were wrapped about the two unfortunates.

The crowd was babbling and buzzing with excitement.

Some of the women and girls had fainted.

Then stalwart students, friends of Kid and of Jack, lifted the two soaked figures swathed in overcoats, and ran with them toward the academy.

\* \* \* \* \*

Jack's ducking seemed not to have hurt him in the least.

He was up and out on the campus before dark.

Kid remained longer in bed.

"I tell you, fellows," said one of the upper classmen, coming to Jack and his friends now, "Kid wasn't responsible for that. His head has been out ever since he got that crack with the club."

Jack was ready to believe it. In no other way could he account for that crazy attack.

And that became the belief of all, so that it was certain Kid Kennedy would be pitied for what he had done, rather than punished.

News of this came to Reel Snodgrass down at his hotel, and his face became paler than ever.

"Failed again!" he said bitterly. "But this isn't my last round by any means. Let Jack Lightfoot beware!"

#### THE END.

Jack is now fully launched in his life at the preparatory academy at Seagirt, and, with several tried and true friends about him as well as numerous new acquaintances who unite to make life anything but monotonous, he promises to develop new and stirring adventures that must appeal to the readers of this series. Some of the most exciting of these incidents will be found in our next issue, No. 56, which is entitled "Jack Lightfoot's Ice-boat; or, The Man with the Haunting Eyes."

SPECIAL NOTICE.—We would like to call attention to the fact that, beginning with this number, ALL-SPORTS has been increased almost one-quarter in size, in compliance with the multitude of requests that came to us from boy readers all over the country. This has been accomplished, not by increasing the number of pages, but in making the columns more solid. We believe the improvement will be fully appreciated by the ever-growing circle of readers, and our reward will come in even a more rapid increase of circulation.

THE PUBLISHERS.



# HOW TO DO THINGS

By AN OLD ATHLETE.

Timely essays and hints upon various athletic sports and pastimes in which our boys are usually deeply interested, and told in a way that may be easily understood. Instructive articles may be found in back numbers of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY, as follows: No. 31, "How to Make a Cheap Skiff." No. 32, "Archery." No. 33, "Cross-Country Running." No. 34, "The Game of Lacrosse." No. 35, "The Boy With a Hobby for Collecting." No. 36, "Football, and How to Play It." No. 37, "A Practice Game." No. 38, "How to Play Football—Training." No. 39, "The Men in the Line." No. 40, "The Men Behind." No. 41, "Signal Systems." No. 42, "Team Play." No. 43, "The End of the Season." No. 44, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (I.) No. 45, "A Gymnasium Without Apparatus." (II.) No. 46, "Bag-Punching." No. 47, "Camping." No. 48, "Cruising in Small Boats." No. 49, "Snow-Shoe and Skee Work." No. 50, "How to Make and Use a Toboggan." No. 51, "Tip-Ups for Pickerel Fishing Through the Ice." No. 52, Winter Sports. No. 53, "Fancy Skating." No. 54, "How to Build and Sail an Ice-Boat."

## THE GAME OF ICE HOCKEY.

Hockey was originally the old game of "shinny." Every boy knows what that is. He has probably played it with a bent stick, or the root of a shrub with a big knob left on the end. A tin-can, or a block of wood, was used for a puck. After school, sides were chosen among the boys, everybody repaired to the nearest vacant lot, where for the next hour the cry could be heard, "Shinny on your own side!" Sometimes one, more excited than the rest, forgot what he was about and lifted his stick too near his neighbor's head in trying to aim a good swift stroke at the elusive puck, with the result that the zealous individual, whose enthusiasm was greater than his ability to play the game, generally precipitated a fight. But the good nature of the other boys would come to the rescue, thus saving the amusement from degenerating into a kind of free-for-all row.

Hockey is a winter sport. The exercise is too strenuous for any one to care to indulge in it in the summer-time. Skating backward and forward, the pushing and struggling, the swinging of the arms—everything that brings the muscles into play—makes it a very healthful exercise.

Shinny played on the ice of a lake, or pond, near a large village is a rare sight. Hundreds sometimes engage in a game. Each person takes a side, just as he feels like it. The only rule which seems to govern the play is that when you elect to knock the puck toward one goal at the beginning of the game, you are expected to keep on the same side. Boys and young men, and sometimes girls, join in, irrespective of any other regulations. The shout and laughter, and occasional cheer that goes up from the crowd when one of the players makes a particularly good shot, indicate that all are having a fine time.

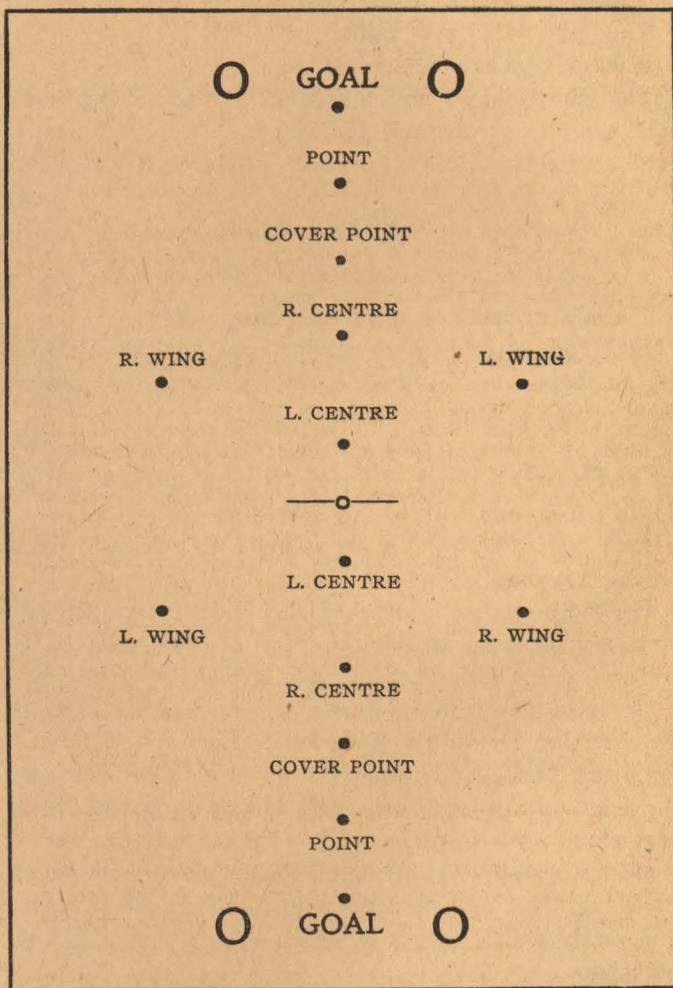
Of course, once in awhile, there is a barked shin—whence the name—and a person gets his ears or nose nipped if the weather is very cold; but what lover of the game would not brave such dangers for a few hours of keen enjoyment?

The game now known as hockey is not more than twenty-five years old, and had its beginnings in Canada. But its popularity soon became more than local, for the United States took it up, and found it as fascinating as any sport we are accustomed to on this side. Every city, town, and hamlet now has its hockey team, and takes as much pride in it as our friends in the Dominion do in theirs.

A hockey match will sometimes bring out as many people as a baseball game. This certainly speaks well for its increasing popularity. There is so much life in it, a constant whirl and rush of players, that the spectator catches their excitement and feels the blood tingle through his veins with almost the same rapidity as though he had a hockey stick in his hand.

Ice-skating rinks recognize the public interest in the game, and have frequent tournaments, which prove to be great drawing cards.

We owe the McGill College and Victoria hockey teams of Montreal recognition for bringing the game up to its present finished state. These organizations were formed in 1881. Before that time there were no well-defined



POSITIONS OF THE TEAM.

rules, except the good old one of "Shinny on your own side." A player could use any kind of stick, and the size and shape of the puck was wholly optional.

The first match games taking place under the new system were held in 1884. It was not until 1887, however, that hockey, as we know the game to-day, became an actual fact.

It has not only become very popular in our own country, but England and France have adopted it with great success.

It is the plucky lad who makes a good hockey player. He must not have any fear of getting a few knocks and

(Continued on page 30.)



# A CHAT WITH YOU

Under this general head we purpose each week to sit around the camp-fire, and have a heart-to-heart talk with those of our young readers who care to gather there, answering such letters as may reach us asking for information with regard to various healthy sports, both indoor and out. We should also be glad to hear what you think of the leading characters in your favorite publication. It is the editor's desire to make this department one that will be eagerly read from week to week by every admirer of the Jack Lightfoot stories, and prove to be of valuable assistance in building up manly, healthy Sons of America. All letters received will be answered immediately, but may not appear in print under five weeks, owing to the fact that the publication must go to press far in advance of the date of issue. Those who favor us with correspondence will please bear this in mind, and exercise a little patience.

THE EDITOR.

An old-time reader of the ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY sends his congratulations to the publishers of the best weekly he has ever read. What would I do without this king of weeklies? I would feel that life was not worth living. You city boys do not realize how difficult it is for people in the country to get something to read, even in this day of quick transportation, when publishers are so enterprising that they send their papers and books to the ends of the earth. It is all right when one lives close to the railroad, so that all you have to do is to go to the post-office across the way from the house. Then one has no trouble in getting all he wants to read; but take the poor farm boy who lives miles from a railroad station, and who is obliged to ride into town these cold wintry days when the mercury is way below zero. It requires a great deal of enthusiasm for reading, and what he reads must be good, to get him to hitch up the horse and take such a disagreeable journey to get something which he can finish in a couple of hours after he gets home. And this is what we have to do up here in the Northwest this time of year if we expect to be able to while away the long winter evenings pleasantly. I can truthfully say that I look forward to my weekly trips to town for ALL-SPORTS with a great deal of pleasure, and do not mind the cold, because I know that when I get back to the warm fire I shall be compensated for the trouble by a few hours of the best reading that a person ever had in his life. I can't give your paper any better praise than by saying that I don't mind these trips over snow and ice in December and January to go to our post-office for this king of weeklies.

WALTER SMITH.

Walla Walla, Wash.

This is a very interesting letter, Walter, and we are glad to see that you like ALL-SPORTS so well that you are willing to take such long journeys for the sake of getting your favorite library. It certainly must be lonesome away out there in the dreary winter months, when, we dare say, you see very few people from one end of the season to the other. Reading is the best refuge from the dull hours that always come to us when we are living a kind of hermit's life and seldom come in contact with our fellows. An ALL-SPORTS under those circumstances must be particularly acceptable, although it makes fine reading at any time. You are an enthusiast when you brave the cutting blasts of this blizzard weather to get your favorite. But it is worth it, isn't it? There is nothing like an ALL-SPORTS to make an evening pass agreeably. To sit beside a roaring fire and lose one's self in its magic pages these winter nights is a treat which thousands of satisfied readers are doing in your State at this very instant. We wish you never-ending enjoyment in your favorite reading.

I have read all the numbers of ALL-SPORTS. I think they're the best books out. I have been reading the *Tip Top Weekly* for about a month, but they cannot beat ALL-SPORTS; that is what I think. I was reading, in No. 47, of a boy that wanted the pictures of the boys and girls of ALL-SPORTS LIBRARY given

away with the book. I agree with him. I wish you would write about Jack, Lafe, and Tom going on a trip around the world, like Frank and Dick Merriwell did. Hurrah for dear Jack Lightfoot, Lafe, Tom, and all the crowd of Cranford!

155 East Erie Street, Chicago, Ill.

ALBERT FRALEY.

I have noticed on the news-stands, from time to time, boys' libraries, which after I read did not seem to come up to ALL-SPORTS. The stories were no good. I could not get interested in them, and do not buy them any more. I see now that they were only imitations of your publication. I always want the real thing, and never take chances, as I used to. "Let well enough alone" is my motto now when it comes to reading-matter. I am satisfied with ALL-SPORTS, and why should I then go trotting after anything else? That is the question which lately occurred to me, and the way I have answered it. I wish that all the boys who have not yet become acquainted with your great library could have their attention called to them before they miss anything more. It was some time before I began reading ALL-SPORTS, but it was only because I had not heard of it earlier. No. 30 was the first one I ever saw, but I like it so much that I haven't missed one since.

WILLIAM WINTER.

Passaic, N. J.

You take the right attitude in reference to your reading. When one finds a publication that fills all requirements and is a constant source of pleasure, why not, indeed, "let well enough alone"? There is so much placed before young readers especially, that is entirely unfit for them, that a weekly like ALL-SPORTS, which is the ideal publication for the young men of this generation, meets with instant success and makes a host of friends. You must be a boy who likes outdoor sports to take so much interest in Jack Lightfoot's adventures. Besides liking the stories, you probably have had your interest aroused in "How To Do Things." There are ever so many boys who would like to get information on various subjects if they only knew whom to ask. In your next letter ask us as many questions as you desire about things you would like to know how to make. We will be only too glad to lend our assistance. We hope to hear from you again in the near future.

Having been a reader of ALL-SPORTS from No. 1, I thought I would write you a letter, which I hope you will put in the A Chat With You column. I think ALL-SPORTS the best five-cent library published, with the exception of *Tip Top*. Probably this is because I have been reading *Tip Top* so much longer than ALL-SPORTS. I wish you would let me know if you intend to publish a boys' paper, similar to *Boys of America*, with an exchange mart. I have *Boys of America*, Nos. 1 to 107; also about one hundred and fifty copies of *Nick Carter*, that I would like to exchange for other weeklies; also have a lot of other five and ten-cent libraries that I wish to exchange. Send me your lists, boys, and I will send mine in return. I also have souvenir albums of Toledo, containing sixty-eight different views of Toledo, that I will exchange for post-cards or reading-matter. As this letter is getting rather long, I will close, with three cheers for ALL-SPORTS and its author, Maurice Stevens. Hoping to see this in print soon, I remain,

JOSEPH A. GERL, JR.

2340 Elm Street, Toledo, Ohio.

Resolved, that I will read fifty-two copies each of *Tip Top* and ALL-SPORTS libraries in 1906.

I have taken great interest in the "How To Do Things" column of ALL-SPORTS, and find that the answers to various questions interest me just as much as if I had written for the information myself. I am a boy fourteen years old, and am very much interested in athletics. I want to grow strong, if I can. I have



always admired great big men who look as if they lived in a gymnasium all the time. Do you suppose that I will become any larger than I am? I am five feet tall and weigh just one hundred pounds. Please answer my letter as soon as you can, for I want to begin my training right away. Thanking you for your kindness, I am, a loyal reader of ALL-SPORTS,  
Weehawken, N. J.

MAX PILSNER.

We are glad to see that you are taking so much interest in the department "How To Do Things." When a boy shows that he is wide-awake in everything pertaining to outdoor sports and athletics his parents need not worry about him. A healthy body generally means a healthy mind. It is quite natural that you should want to know how to make various things, to add to your pleasure of outdoor life. Every boy is more or less constructive and delights in learning to make things. Who wouldn't rather have a bob-sled that he made himself than the finest one obtainable in the store? From time to time there will be articles in the "How To Do Things" column containing many hints that you can use to good advantage. Of course everybody is not interested in exactly the same things, and doubtless there will be a few papers that do not appeal to you as much as some of the others. We dare say, however, that you will be greatly interested in all those pertaining to athletics. For a boy of your age and height one hundred pounds is a good weight. Many a young man older than you would envy you such a growth. You will undoubtedly become larger by the time you reach twenty-one. Begin your training with light dumb-bells and Indian clubs. Let the former weigh about half-a-pound and the latter not more than one pound or a pound and a half. Exercise fifteen minutes with them every morning upon rising. It would take up too much space in this column to outline a course of exercises, but there are numerous handbooks on club-swinging and dumb-bells which will give you detailed instructions. You should take cross-country runs, punch the bag, and play all the outdoor games you can, like football and baseball.

Hello, ALL-SPORTS, how are you? I address you this way, for you seem to be a real person to me, I have made such a companion of you during my waking hours ever since you were published. What would I do without my favorite weekly? I would feel lost if it could not be obtained, week after week. There is no paper that could take its place, in my estimation. I am not alone in this statement, for all my chums say the same thing about it. I think that if there was a vote taken among the boy readers as to what was the most popular weekly published to-day, ALL-SPORTS would get the greatest number of votes. A boy finds everything he wants to know right in the issue each week. First we have a rattling good story, with its plot made up around some sport; then we learn all about human nature, good and bad, in the characters, and, finally, we get information about all kinds of outdoor sports and games, and are told how to make various things.

JAMES BLAKESHAU.

Portchester, N. Y.

We are glad to hear that you see so much in your favorite weekly. We would like to believe that if a vote were taken among various readers, it would be found that ALL-SPORTS was the most popular. That is what we are working hard to gain. A boy certainly ought to find all that he wants in this interesting weekly.

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*("How to do Things")—Continued from page 28.*

bruises, for it is frequently necessary to plunge into a mêlée of swinging, smashing sticks and struggling humanity. The timid one, who holds back as if he were afraid of receiving a whack over the head by an opponent who is playing wild, is of little help to his team.

Dart in the scrimmage and make a jump for the puck, if you see that such a procedure on your part means

victory for your side, and do not stop to think of what might happen to you. The person who is too busy with the game to think of imaginary troubles is less apt to get the very hard knocks.

When you play hockey, remember that it requires considerable strength. The constant moving backward and forward between the two goals at the highest speed a player is capable of, and the absence of any chance to rest while the game is in progress, demands a sound physical condition in every player. At times the exercise must become violent in order that a contestant may make a certain point on the ice. The lightninglike rapidity with which he moves, and the sudden speed with which he dashes off to the place where his presence is most needed, means more or less strain on his muscles. If you are not as hard as nails and your wind in excellent condition, you will soon become exhausted and be obliged to drop out of the game.

The boy who has spent the previous season in gymnastic training will find that he is in good physical condition and a fit candidate for the team.

A regular team should consist of seven players. The size of the regulation rink—which does not concern us very much, as our games will all probably be played on a river, lake, or pond—is one hundred and twelve by fifty-eight feet. The goal-posts should be six feet apart and four feet high. They should be placed at least ten feet from the edge of the ice.

A game lasts one hour and ten minutes, divided into two half-hour contests, with ten minutes' rest between them. And you will feel grateful for the breathing-spell when you play your first game, it will be found so very strenuous! The winning team is determined by the greatest number of points made during the two halves.

After each half-hour the goals are changed. The game starts by the puck being placed between the sticks of two players and the referee calling out "Play." Remember that every one must stay on his own side and not strike the puck from the side of his opponent.

When a man on your own side has the puck, and you are between him and the goal of your opponents, you are what is known as "off-side" until you get on the other side of him, so that you are nearer your own goal, unless one of the men among the opposite team has struck the puck in the meantime. When a player is "off-side," he is practically out of the game, and cannot touch the puck, or prevent any of his opponents from getting it by obstructing his way.

The puck can be stopped by the body, but it must not be touched with the hand, nor can it be knocked toward the goal except by means of the hockey stick.

The illustration shows the positions of the players at the "line-up" and the names by which they are designated. Hockey sticks can be bought from A. G. Spalding & Co., New York, for twenty-five and fifty cents, and the puck costs only seventy-five cents.

The successful hockey team is the one whose members, as individuals, think of the team as a whole and do not sacrifice combination play, which constitutes all good team work in anything, to a personal desire to shine by trying to make all the plays. Every member must be made to realize that he is not the whole thing, but merely a unit, and a very important one, if he does his share courageously and intelligently.



BOY LIFE IN NEW YORK

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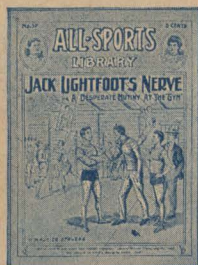
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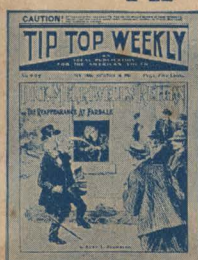
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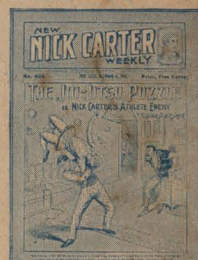
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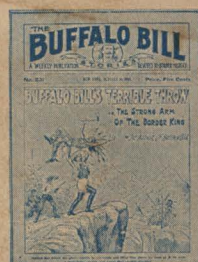
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We know, boys, that there is no need of introducing to you Nicholas Carter, the greatest sleuth that ever lived. Every number containing the adventures of Nick Carter has a peculiar, but delightful, power of fascination.



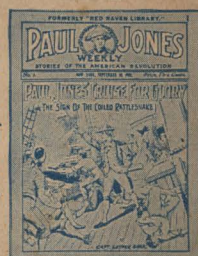
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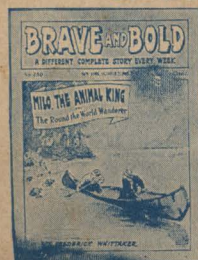
Buffalo Bill is the hero of a thousand exciting adventures among the Redskins. These are given to our boys only in the Buffalo Bill Stories. They are bound to interest and please you.

## PAUL JONES WEEKLY

Do not think for a second, boys, that these stories are a lot of musty history, just sugar-coated. They are all new tales of exciting adventure on land and sea, in all of which boys of your own age took part.



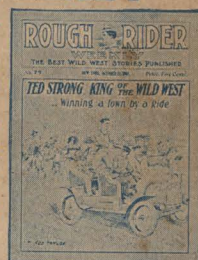
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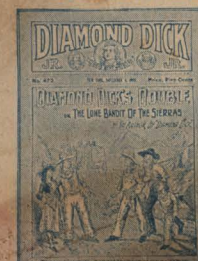
Every boy who prefers variety in his reading matter, ought to be a reader of Brave and Bold. All these were written by authors who are past masters in the art of telling boys' stories. Every tale is complete in itself.

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Ted Strong was appointed deputy marshal by accident, but he resolves to use his authority and rid his ranch of some very tough bullies. He does it in such a slick way that everyone calls him "King of the Wild West" and he certainly deserves his title.



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The demand for stirring stories of Western adventure is admirably filled by this library. Every up-to-date boy ought to read just how law and order are established and maintained on our Western plains by Diamond Dick, Bertie, and Handsome Harry.

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The adventures of a poor waif whose only name is "Bowery Billy." Billy is the true product of the streets of New York. No boy can read the tales of his trials without imbibing some of that resource and courage that makes the character of this homeless boy stand out so prominently.

